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THE DESTRUCTION OF MDE

INTERNING AT THE BASED DEPARTMENT

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COVID-21 GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT

GET CANCELLED.

HOW TO LIVE A TOUGH LIFE

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WHAT AM I IN FOR?

PSEUDOINTELLECTUALS CONTINUING TO INVOKE KANT ON THE INTERNET

BERKELEY_IN_THE_MACHINE

BOOKWORMHOLE

DIVORCING AMERICA FROM AMERICANA

BVVRGERPVNIK

by Anonymous

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Table of Contents

8 Steal This Story!



LEAKED: Cognitive WBE:
31 Using Logic AI Schema for
Entangled Neurostates

P°CO

46 Inorganic Future
47 Untitled

48 Prayer of the Minimum
Wage Burger

49 Untitled

64 The Tiger

69

Untitled

92 Classified Advertisements
&
Issue One

05 THE JUSTICE SYSTEM

13 DESTRUCTION OF MDE OR:
HOW CENSORSHIP HAS
RUINED 21ST CENTURY
MEDIA

25 ABSTRACT
32 MANTELPIECE (REDACTED)
37 BERKELEY IN THE MACHINE

50 DIVORCING AMERICA FROM AMERICANA

58 ENTANGLED PARTICLE

70 THINE IS THE KINGDOM PT1

77 burgerpunk

10 dharma hackers

011 Suplex Erlösung

??? </>

29 Crossboard Contamination

30 Zongzhen 125 54 greente/x/t

057
Untitled

66 DEWD-BREAUX: LOREM IPSUM EMPIRE

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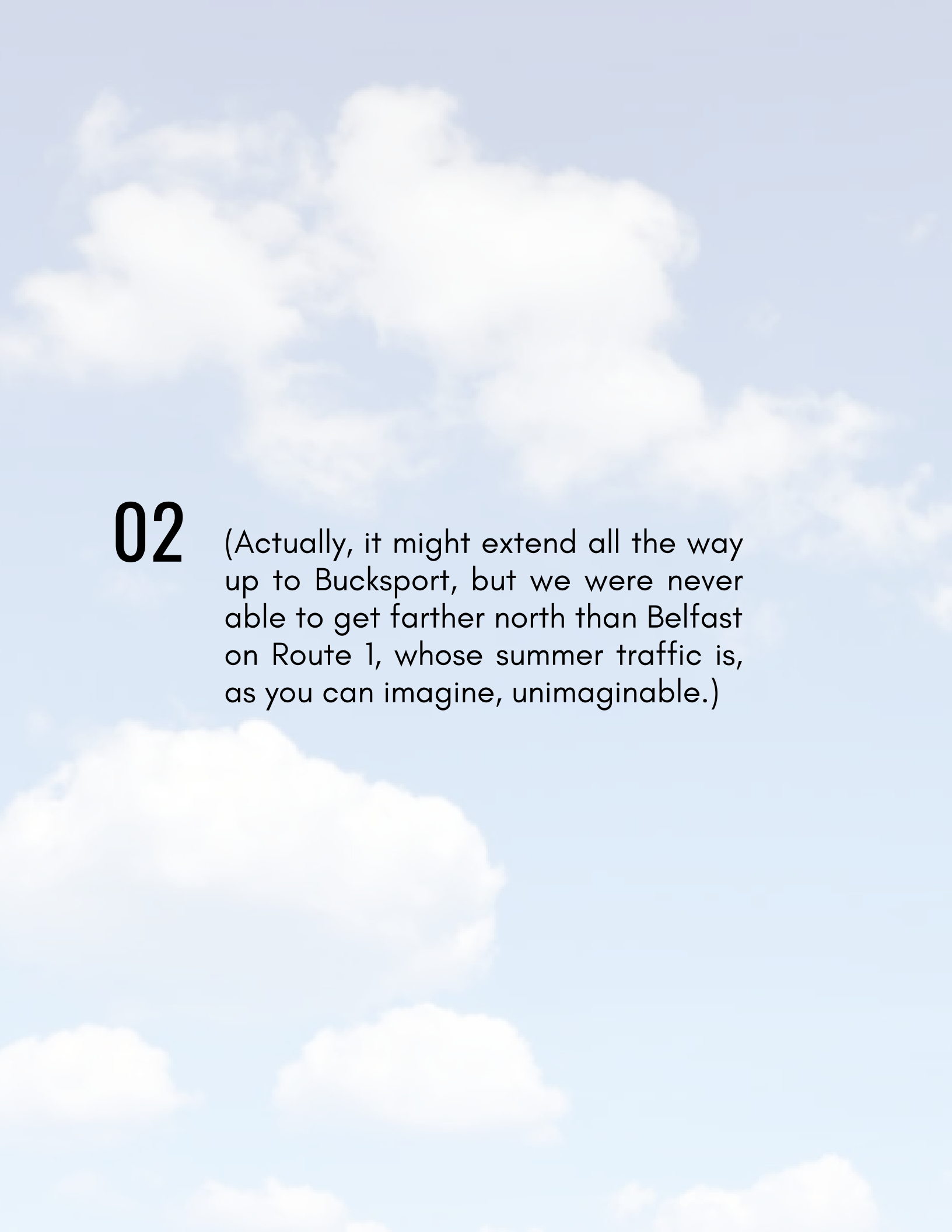
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02

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A background image of a bright blue sky filled with soft, white, fluffy clouds. The clouds are scattered across the frame, with a large, prominent one in the upper right and several smaller ones towards the bottom.

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☐ **Anonymous** 12/11/20(Fri)15:21:46 No.17004136 ►

[>>17003254\(OP\)](#)

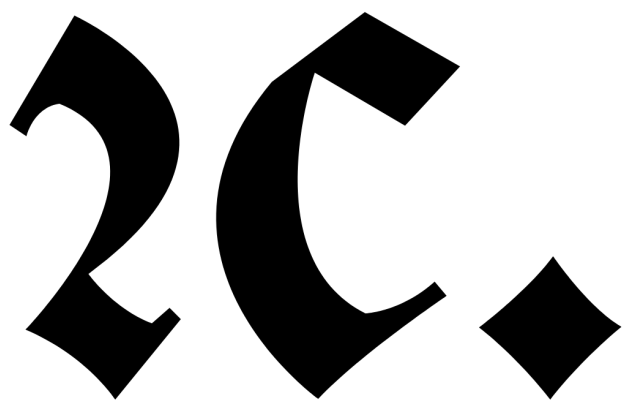
I've got fuck all that'd be worth putting in or is worthy of this board. I'll be reading it though.

The Justice System

Let me just start out

by saying that I have several children. Only several isn't the right word for it. To be honest with you I could sit down and name them all bar one or three but when people ask me how many kids I have from the front of my mouth I just make up a number. Somewhere between 15 and 25. I've been married a few times and I keep accumulating stepkids along with the continuing crop I've been sowing and reaping for the last 35 years. The youngest one is a few months old and my oldest is 35 as I just mentioned, and he's got his own kids now—3 of them—the first time I noticed it was somewhat disconcerting, but I feel a closer connection to my grandkids than towards my own children. I have five of them, two with my oldest daughter, and those kids bring me much more joy than the five children of mine that are the same age. This revelation almost led to a reevaluation but I decided to just bottle it instead. For some reason I just can't stop having children; there was never a plan to keep on having kids, or to have kids at all really, I just kept on having sex, and women have a funny way of getting pregnant before they're menopausal, or at least that's what my first wife always told me.

It all started when my first three kids were growing up, and they would drive me crazy with their tattling, 'John did such-and-such,' 'Rachel broke this-or-that,' 'Brian spilled his juice on me,' 'Rachel is on my side.' On and on and on with the tattling, I thought I would have to be admitted if it continued. At this point the youngest kid, my 4th was barely walking and he didn't have much to say, and my first wife was pregnant again, so I knew it was only a matter of time before a few more mouths joined in to claw their way into the highest ranks of my favor. Who would have thought that a guy like me would be so admired and adored in a way that I somehow signaled to these kids that being in trouble got you downgraded, and getting someone else in trouble was your ticket to the top. The point is, enough was just about getting to enough, and I just started giving a whooping to the first kid I ran into, saving me some time and effort, and hoping that the randomness would discourage future tattling (of course it didn't happen this way, that would be the result of decision making from rational minds) but eventually I developed our Household Justice System statute by statute until it was ready to be put in place.



I got the idea from some cop show we were watching on TV after dinner one night. The maverick detective type obtained some evidence without a warrant and the ADA chewed him out because it would be inadmissible. Genius. The first piece of the Justice System had propagated into our home from the broadcast tower 14 miles northwest of our house, and the gears were turning as I planned out the unveiling of the System. I briefed my kids on the Household Justice System one time, from then on the older kids would be responsible to teach the younger kids how it works, because I would answer no questions after I satisfied my oldest three - I even made them take notes. When some of my kids come over for Thanksgiving or Christmas I will overhear them schooling the youngsters on the finer points of the System, and it makes me swell with joy. Of all the things I have sired, the

one that brings me the most pride is the one that only took a week to gestate. I tell myself it's because my pride, joy, love, happiness, interest, enthusiasm, is split up equally between my two dozen or so children (that's why I love my grandchildren so much too I guess) I have no idea if this is true or reasonable but being someone that wouldn't have to rationalize something like this is not who I aspire to be. At this point, I would say about 50% of the System is addendum created by the kids as it passed on through generation, but the crux and the purpose remain. The crux of the System arrived courtesy of the broadcast tower, and other than the rule about my answering questions, which is the main reason the System has changed so much over the years, the crux of the System is what kept all these damn kids from getting me a vasectomy, which is as follows, quoted from the notebook my oldest son who recently found and showed me last Thanksgiving:

The Household Justice System ●

§1.1 Any evidence of wrongdoing, misbehaving, acting up, misconduct, rough-housing, mischief, indecorum, misconduct &c. is made null and void by any tattling, snitching, ratting out, squealing, blabbing &c. and is inadmissible as evidence of said wrongdoing, misbehaving, acting up, misconduct, rough-housing, mischief, indecorum, misconduct &c.

§1.2 *Perpetrator* being defined as someone who is guilty of wrongdoing, misbehaving, acting up, misconduct, rough-housing, mischief, indecorum, misconduct &c. *Tattler* being defined as someone who is guilty of tattling, snitching, ratting out, squealing, blabbing &c. *Residing Judicial Authority* being defined as Dad.

§1.3 Any perpetrator who is brought to the attention of the residing judicial authority by a tattler is ineligible to be sentenced to punishment for those acts the perpetrator committed. Any tattler who brings evidence of a perpetrator to the residing judicial authority will be sentenced to equal punishment as deserving of the acts committed by the perpetrator. Any perpetrator who is discovered by the residing judicial authority will be sentenced to equal punishment as deserving of the acts committed by the perpetrator. Any perpetrator who brings him/herself to the residing judicial authority will be sentenced to equal or lesser punishment as deserving of the acts committed by the perpetrator.

There was more to it of course, but the crux of the System has almost been around for 30 years, and I have had no problems with it yet. At the start there was a liminal period where the kids were transitioning over to this new concept. It took them a while to figure out that I was no longer on their individual sides anymore, that it was them united against me. Every new kid has a probationary period ending about six months after they're 4 years old, but other than that, I have been living in a tattle free household for much longer than a tattle full household and it's beautiful.

The question I always get when I tell people about my system is what about the serious stuff? To that I always reply, what about it? I worked hard to make my system a fair and universal catchall, I know a lot of parents whose rule is 'no tattling unless you are asked to,' but I find that to unnecessarily oppressive. As a grown adult I already have a huge advantage over these kids, so I figure I might as well play by the rules as well and give them a fighting chance. Honestly, the System makes the serious stuff much easier to deal with, because my kids are used to coming to me with stuff they did wrong, and we can discuss it in a much better setting than if they got ratted out by their siblings or if I discovered it on my own. I want to make it clear that this System was not entirely enacted for my own convenience; it was enacted to teach my kids to own their mistakes, and to leave other people's mistakes alone. Notice in §1.3 that if the perpetrator brings their crime to me before I find out, they have the chance for equal or lesser punishment, and they always got lesser punishment. For the majority of the time, they got no punishment at all, but if I found out they did something wrong, and in 24 hours they hadn't come to me and admitted it, I struck down on them hard and fast. I don't relish the chance to punish my children, but I take it seriously, and I get creative with it. Letting others alone was the other big purpose of my System but that is something that has slowly morphed over the years.

When I envisioned it in my head, the secondary purpose of the System would play out by having the other kids all but ignore their sibling's mistakes - other what they did to torment each other - but nowadays the kids put a huge amount of pressure on each other to turn themselves in. I rarely use group punishment either, so the fact that the others are so committed to the system surprised me at first, but I slowly realized that what they were doing accomplished the same objective as tattling to me: they don't want someone else to avoid punishment when they were unable to do so. It's such a childish way to respond but I've found that adults act this way much more than is appropriate, which I have come to realize is not a learned behavior but something innate within us that needs to be crushed, and I think my kids are in the best position to do so.

Ever since John showed me the original 26 year old notes he took from my first and only briefing of the System last Thanksgiving, I got a big old blackboard from the city college downtown and had the kids that live with me write down that first section of the System on it. At Christmas I had all the kids work together and pool their total knowledge of the system onto the blackboard. I was amazed to see all of the extra detail that had been created over the years, but I wasn't all that surprised by it. By this point I have a few go to punishments for the younger kids, but if I don't waive punishment for an older kid I have them tell me what my options are depending on what they did. I have almost become redundant in within the System that I created, but more shocking than that, I discovered that it didn't bother me at all - in fact, I was proud of my children for learning to be so self-sufficient.

John had a talk with me a few years ago, Rachel too a little later on, about how he wasn't going to use the Household Justice System in his house. He came to me like he was a perpetrator, and I waived his punishment, same thing with Rachel. I was taken back by this because my parents didn't do anything much like I did, and I never expected my kids to think they had to do things like I do. I guess it's different because I have some kids that are younger than my grandchildren, but I was still a little flattered that my System made such an impact on them, that they felt the need to discuss their parenting style with me. I tried to tell my current wife about this but she just went on and on about how John was crazy not to use the System and it worked so well and all this, but first of all she didn't grow up in the first 10 years of the System, it took me weeks to try and explain it to her before I just gave up and had the kids do it, and I think she may actually be a little younger than John is. Now that I think about it I'm really not sure, I was really young when I had John - I don't know his birthday but I do know the year, as for my current wife I could guess right in five tries, so that puts her right on either side of my son. Either way, the point in fact being that her opinion on the matter isn't super important to me. Well the grandkids would tattle on the kids for a while, John didn't know what to do about it and I sure as hell didn't either. Rachel's weren't quite old enough for this problem at the time, but it was in the back of my mind while we were dealing with the problem, and wouldn't you know it, it made me do something that I hadn't done in 25 years, I amended the System.

Anonymous

steal these stories!

A man is harrassed by a midget policeman who tries to arrest him for various imaginary crimes. The midget can't arrest him because he's too short, but the midget seemingly has legal immunity and everyone treats the man like shit for not turning himself in, despite the fact he hasn't done anything. He eventually becomes so distressed he allows the midget to take him to the police station. Then, the Police force show him a video of his house burning down and tell him that he won't get a trial because he mistreated the midget. The man escapes but finds that his family are now midgets

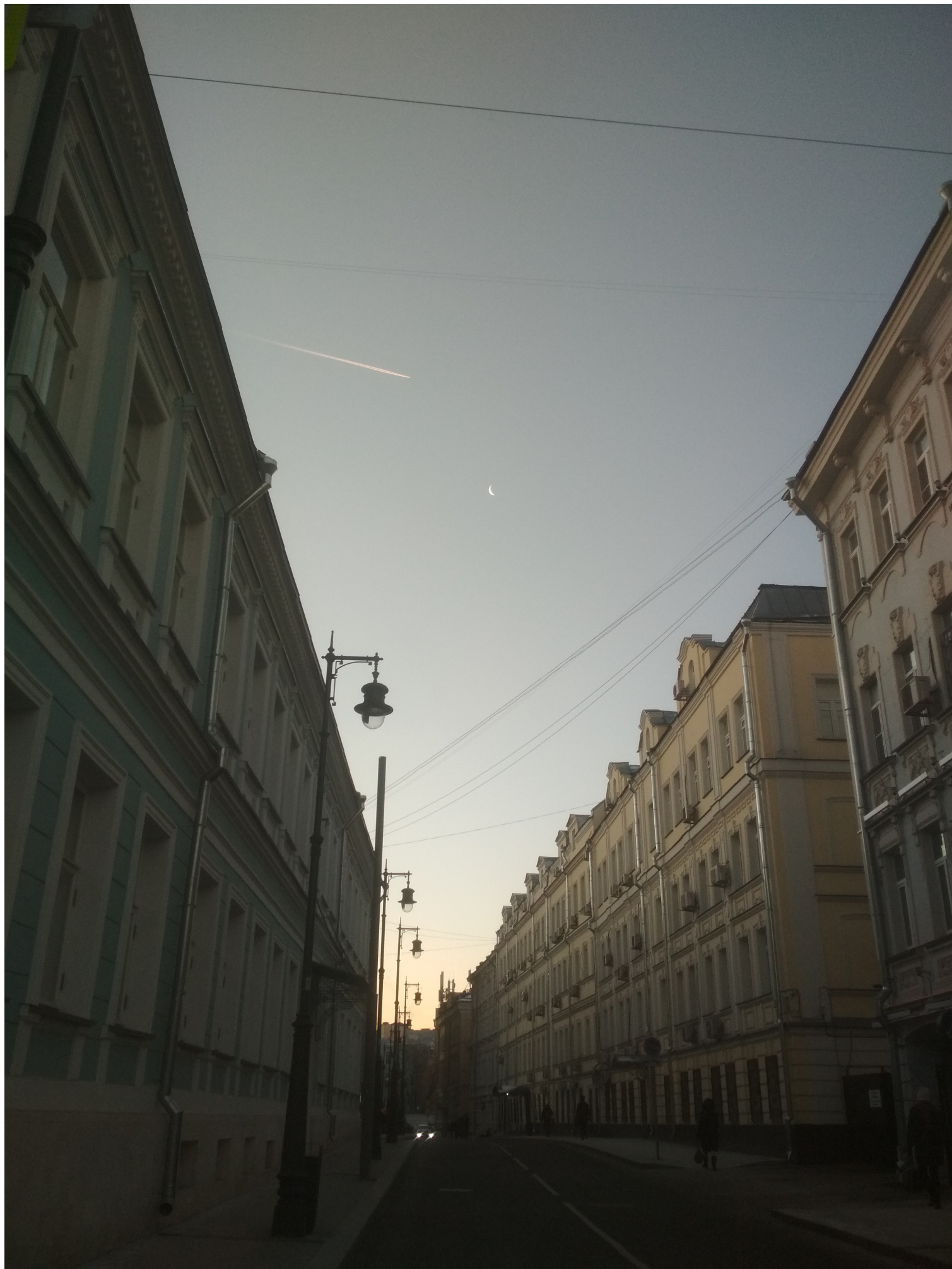
A psychic insurance agent prevents future accidents from happening in his small town but an ambulance chasing lawyer that causes accidents is working against him.

Carpenter goes around fixing broken tables like his sixth sense is to find broken tables.

in the distant future, time travel agencies have sprung up, offering services for tourism and education. Young scholar goes back in time to study famous poet during his developmental years. Poet takes notice of her and begins focusing work solely on her. She keeps bouncing back and forth to change what she can. Ends with them becoming Adam and eve, time collapsing on itself, some foot fetish stuff

A man convinces his friend to vouch for him in order to get a job however the man extorts his friend by threatening to perform poorly and ruin his credibility. Eventually the friend does the man's job for him while the man rises in the company

A banana salesman slips on a banana peel and suffers extreme brain damage during the fall. Doctors replace his brain with that of a monkey and send him back to his job as banana salesman with hilarious results.



wojack's crossing, Moscow

A storm opens itself onto the land in a fuzz that breathes out but does not breathe in. The mountain and its mouth hang from the clouds to the anthem of rainfall and the wash sprays and soaks and covers the range. A body cuts a course across the brush. The girl cannot see the forest for the trees but she leans into herself notwithstanding the nap and litter of pitchpine, notwithstanding the water. She wears bucksuede wet and bound around unspun wool. Beneath her cloth is her skin and beneath her skin is the skin of her unborn. One in many steps each past the last the girl makes herself forward. Nobody has asked to what exists of its own significance out there in the wild that one might endeavor so. Nothing of mind is reflected among the wood but for the division of labor between the faculties of her body.

No identity fugue.

No memory hole.

The girl knows exactly who she is. On her course seldom in sight is anything but for wood and earth and stone and sky. In this thick she will deliver her child and dispatch the last of herself into that against which there are no defenses nor alternatives to speak of. She does not speak. The girl walks up and on and does little else for two days before raising a tent of whitebark switches atop a sheltered brae. Her body is fatigued though the hunger helps to whet. Her eyes blaze over the land finally revealed by the journey's advance. Nobody asks where she has come from and she will not know until she returns.

- I baked her buckwheat cookies that look very pale and unloving (kinda like her face)
- I despise the stripes on her loose-fitting shirt. (Cara didn't like anything loose, no fabric that reveals any contours or structures)

The christian pro-wrestling duo was completely unsuccessful with intent.

You could almost feel sorry for them. The only person that seemed to be interested was the mother of Maria.

- The people who understand us are not even yet alive and may never live!
- ° Do you want clouds painted on your fingernails?
- No.
- ° Don't worry, the color consists of 100% natural fabrics that I made myself with materials from local forests.
- Who wants to live like that? Who wants to be something like that? Everyone wants it! Incredibly cool!

Maria falls to the floor relaxed despite drawing pains in the chest area because of a botched german suplex attempt.

- ° Listening to your gurgling stomach calms me down.
- This room is all I need, the incredibly objective purity, no deceit, no lies, no time. Nothing in this world, just the purest imagination of the most innocent person.

A month has already passed. Neither Cara nor Maria left the room. By now they have rehearsed hundreds of fights that have reached an incredibly high level of complexity.

- This space lets me focus on the essentials.
- I only wear sporty shorts, blue knees, dried blood.
- My blood is blue because I don't have the Rh factor.
- I want to use people like modeling clay, indent their weak faces.
- ° A person turns into compost, it's so warm.

+ Could you two tame my suffering?

They had fold-out wooden sticks with them, decorated with german carvings that turned out to be DIY prayers:

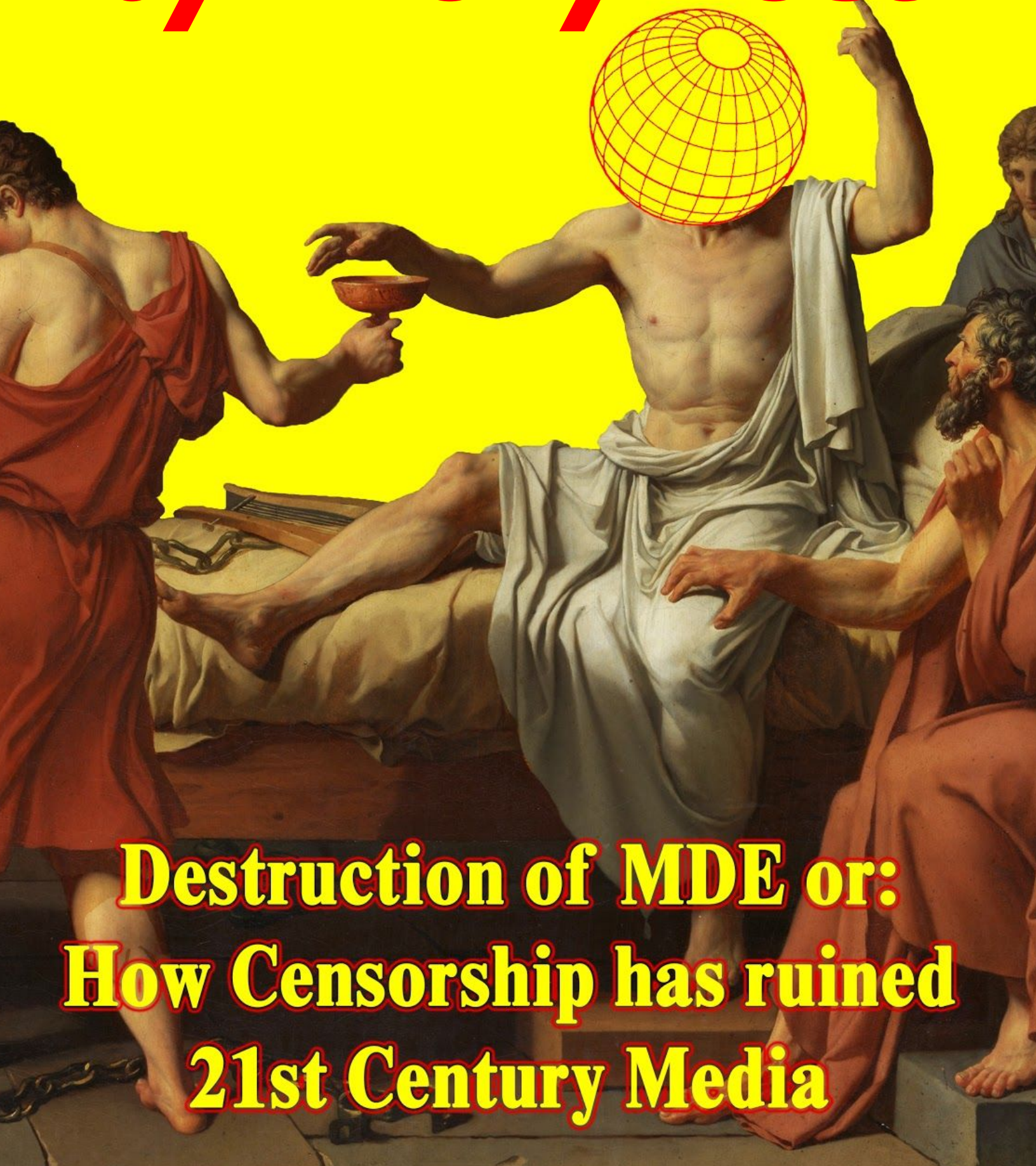
" Das Ursalz ist Zeuge unserer inneren Kraft, unübersichtlich verzweigt, das Atmen fällt uns viel zu leicht. Der Weg unserer Erlösung hat gerade erst begonnen."

☐ **Anonymous** 12/11/20(Fri)18:08:29 No.17005280 ►

>>17005228 (You)

I would if you paid me.

by Anonymous



**Destruction of MDE or:
How Censorship has ruined
21st Century Media**

Introducing the Beginning of the End of Culture

Million Dollar Extreme Presents: World Peace and its cancellation has been a disaster for comedy and the modern entertainment landscape. As of its cancellation, there has been nothing like it, a post-modern surrealistic comedy troupe that critiques modern political beliefs and the crushing realities caused by the industrial revolution that we revel in, our daily lives. A new era of edgy humour started by an entourage of comedic nobodies who started off by posting skits and videos on the internet that somehow found the attention of Adult Swim, a Television Network that is housed by media conglomerate, Turner Broadcasting System, Inc. The after effects of the show held a great deal of power outside of airing, inspiring an underground minority both artistically and spiritually. There was never any mainstream appeal to all of it, it wasn't supposed to. The 6 episode Television show was made to shock and to rile up the system itself, alluding itself as a racist, homophobic and sexist show to provoke and offend those that are unaware and most comfortable in our society.

A controversy caused by this lack of conformity caused the show's cancellation and started an era of "cancel culture". A generation now used to their favourite artists' liberties taken away from them for the sake of self-constructed societal do's and don'ts.

In this essay, my goal is not only to understand the rise and fall of MDE: World Peace but also how it ties into censorship and its prevailing effects on modern media. How freedom of speech slowly becomes a thing of the past as the status quo is celebrated in lieu of innovation and creativity.



The Inception of Million Dollar Extreme

Million Dollar Extreme (more commonly abbreviated to MDE) is a group that focuses on the creation of absurdist anti-comedy humour, composed primarily by Sam Hyde, Charls Carroll and Nick Rochefort. They were a small group that were from different ways of life, uniting with a similar interest: To create something different in an age where humour and entertainment had become sterile. The YouTube channel “Million Dollar Extreme” was created in 2013 and since its inception, hosted popular content aimed at disillusioned younger crowd of teenagers and early adults that praised the content for its satirical and deeply ironic body of work. The channel featured an abundance of daring sketches based around cultural taboos and norms that was a far cry from the type of content being produced by the mainstream media.



(Members of MDE Charls Carroll, Nick Rochefort and Sam Hyde, in order)

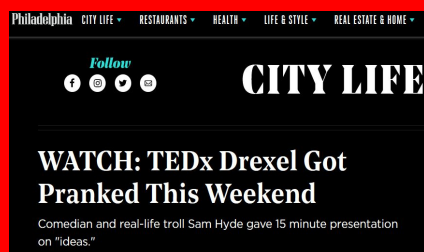
Arguably the most notable of these early works by the group was a sort of prank pulled on a TEDx lecture. TEDx is a series of popular lectures hosted by lesser known members of scientific and artistic fields, giving them the ability to talk about themselves and what they do. It is a renowned event, characterized by what I can only describe as pseudo-intellectual progressivism. Most individuals spout vague entities of ideas, being fairly renowned in their area of work to have the ability of hosting the lectures, wherein Sam Hyde was able to infiltrate and integrate himself as a journalist returning from Mogadishu. After a series of various speakers had talked about the subject of October 2013's TEDx talk which was on futurism and technologies role in shaping the future, Sam Hyde takes to the stage with 15 minutes to present his arguments on futurism dressed in a red sweat suit and clad with Bronze, Roman plate and shinguards.

He goes on to make purposefully outlandish predictions and statements throughout his lecture such as:

“The second thing that inspires me are ideas. Ideas are amazing. Ideas are like currency. Ideas are what drives the world. Ideas are what we need to get to the next stage. And not just great inventions like the train, little things like this microphone, that enables me to speak to the unwashed masses. TED talks, TED talks are another GREAT idea. And we have to talk about it, because great ideas don't come in all shapes and sizes. 9/11, September 11th. And we're gonna use some reverence here and not be silly about this, but, look at what they accomplished with no weapons and just 11 guys who didn't even speak English! And that proves that sometimes great ideas are actually horrible ideas.”

In a Steve Jobs style seminar, Sam Hyde goes on to satirize the buzzwords and vague intellectualists that plague the modern think tank and surprising the unaware audience with his style of bizarre humour and stand up performance art, mirroring the likes of Andy Kaufmann that came before. This lecture would be known as the “2070 Paradigm Shift” and would make the rounds on certain news circuits.

The reaction of the uninitiated and confused audience mixed with Mr. Hyde's abrasive speech left passerbyers perplexed and intrigued, helping to gain attention towards MDE itself, which continued to produce skits and content with a similar intent to “2070 Paradigm Shift”. This consistent body of work would eventually gain attention from others and people in powerful positions started to take notice.



Pictured here are articles describing the event, depicted as a simple prank on TEDX.



Adult Swim and Helming a New Wave

Adult Swim (stylized as [adult swim]) is a nighttime block of shows that is aired on Cartoon Network (but is marketed as a separate network for ratings purposes). The nature of the network is more oriented around alternative humour geared towards adults (the shows being aired from 9pm to 6am) and saw success by showing reruns of recently cancelled shows such as Futurama and Family Guy which were cancelled on their original networks and became uncanceled due to the amount of viewers tuning into Adult Swim to see these now prematurely ended shows. After housing a plethora of original content which would not normally see the light of day in ordinary channels, the network gained a reputation for being experimental, surreal and wacky in its appearance and its show line up. Some examples of successful Adult Swim TV shows can be seen today with the likes of *Rick and Morty*, *Robot Chicken*, *The Eric Andre Show*, *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* and *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!* (this show in particular would influence the MDE troupe and their style).

Having seen the success of MDE's YouTube channel, Adult Swim's Network Executive, Mike Lazzo ordered a pilot from the group to see whether a fully fledged TV show would work. After viewing it, Lazzo was confident enough to order a 6 episode season, consisting of 11 minutes each episode and thus, Million Dollar Extreme Presents: World Peace was born.



Here are some examples of advertising campaigns and programming you will find at Adult Swim.

Pictured below is the hit television program "Aqua Teen Hunger Force" which aired for 14 years.

The Birth of World Peace

Producing the series in 2015-2016, the members of Million Dollar Extreme started to realize that their creative vision would take a hit and the show would not be as they had wanted it to be. According to Sam Hyde, the networks marketing department conflicted with him on a set of billboards that were to be made and eventually, none were ever created which would decrease the amount of people seeing the show. Disagreements were also had with the editors, leaving the group to eventually gain creative control and edit their own work. With this, one morning, the group found that one of the production staff had broken into the editing studio and was attempting to delete everything before release, only to be thwarted by the group and fired on the spot. At an Adult Swim party, the members of the group were threatened by someone at the party, claiming that this person was going to attempt to fire them. So even before the release of the show, Million Dollar Extreme Presents: World Peace (or World Peace as I will be referring to it for brevity sake) was in danger. This seems to be due to the politics associated with MDE.

Sam Hyde, the most popular member of the trio was a conservative and on Twitter, he would frequently mention talks of Donald Trump and mention/frequent websites normally associated with right wing behaviour such as “4chan”. This is in contrast to most of the content that is shown on television, depicting members of the right as being racists and deplorables, so it seems that Sam Hyde's association with MDE would put the show in danger as the other members were not so inclined politically.

Despite all the attempts to destroy the show, it left slightly unscathed to be viewed by the masses. Released in 2016, each episode of the show was watched by almost an average of a million people and was a great success for not only MDE but Adult Swim too as the show was the second highest watched cable show during the weeks it aired. At release, it received massive praise by the public and the executives at Adult Swim, Mike Lazzo going on record claiming that “It would be the next Tim and Eric”, a show that's one of the pillars of Adult Swim.

The show itself was abrasive, even in terms of the schedule helmed by Adult Swim which was already alternative in comparison to other TV shows of the era. Even with only six episodes, the MDE troupe were able to convey a very strong message and artistic style, maintaining a skit show format. Within the six episodes was a mixture of several humorous criticisms aimed towards women, Jewish heritage, African-American racial movements and school shootings, this being countered by skits that are a lot more introspective, critiquing the life of a modern worker, his place in a world that punishes and the modern social injustice towards the individual.

Some of the more offensive skits were never aimed to make fun of minorities or the less fortunate (such as the african-americans or women) but were instead biting criticisms of those satisfied with the media and politics that are presented to them. Anti-Semitic jokes were made as well, possibly offending the higher ups of Turner Broadcasting and lots of other media companies and news outlets, which themselves are Jewish. Those that are comfortable and enjoy their rights becoming ever so diminished were the ones being laughed at. All of the skits work on a superficial level but taking a close look into each of them, it becomes clear that this has something meaningful to say and several interpretations can be made about each one. There are a few cases where a skit is drowned out by several layers of irony, only to hold a beautiful sentiment that carries real depth and weight (the skit “The Man Who Would Never Be... What They Made Him To Be” comes to mind when I think emotionally impactful skits that resonate with me). Some are just stupid for stupid sake, celebrating and simultaneously showcasing the American Dream in full effect. The show contained a new and innovative array of comedic humour, much needed in a landscape that had long gone stale and uninteresting to an audience of young males that had been unsatisfied with the entertainment that was being presented to them.

Nothing really worthy of cancellation but that's not what others thought.



Pictured (left) are some frames from World Peace

Pictured (right) are some intertitles present in World Peace

The Death of World Peace

The show came into some controversy when journalist, Joseph Bernstein, from the “acclaimed” BuzzFeed News wrote about the show, criticized the show and what it stands for, claiming it to be a dog whistling tool aimed towards the “Alt-Right” (the Alt-Right being a vague term for far-right and white nationalist political movements). More and more news publications caught wind of the story and it gained some traction, enough to cause a controversy and consistent complaints aimed at Adult Swim for airing such a show. Other participants in Adult Swim’s content were quick to fire at the group, parroting the claims of racism spouted by others. Tim Heidecker, one of the most popular show runners in Adult Swim remarked that he defended the show despite evidence that shows otherwise. It seems that others inside the network were scared that the show would gain too much traction and steal attention away from their own creative endeavours. World Peace came out during a divided time in politics and in media in general, a changing of tides was occurring as Donald Trump’s candidacy to Presidency was becoming a reality which was a reality that scared the left. Despite no substantial evidence to support these claims, loosely throwing around buzzwords of racism and calling fans of the show “Nazis”, the show was turned down for a renewal of season two. Though it seems that the executives at Adult Swim were willing to put up with the hate as the show was none of the claims aforementioned and could stand on its own as a good show, the higher ups at Turner Broadcasting decided to pull the plug.

World Peace had been cancelled.

World Peace had been cancelled.

World Peace had been cancelled.

Million Dollar Extreme were let go from Adult Swim with little to no regard, though Adult Swim tried to buy the writing material of everyone involved with the exception of Sam Hyde, the group refused out of pride and disgust with the company. Adult Swim lost the respect of lots of fans on December the Fifth, 2016, the day World Peace died. It seemed the company lost a lot of its original values, giving more worth to profits and mainstream acclaim rather than the focus on originality and passion found within its architecture at the networks conception.

The troupe disbanded soon after the blowout of the show, each person going onto doing their own creative pursuit with some of the members collaborating frequently but it seems that for the most part, there won't be any new Million Dollar Extreme content being produced in the future.

Lastly, the Death of Freedom of Speech and the Rise of Censorship

The following is in parts more subjective and is my own opinion on the topic of censorship but at a certain point, you will see patterns in the articles you read and the media you consume that supports my arguments.

We can use Million Dollar Extreme as an example of the prevalence of censorship that has seeped into mainstream acceptance in our times. It is almost a daily occurrence now that we hear the of attempts to delete historical films and people of the past, accounts on social media being deleted and wiped of years of content and the news itself being corrupt, censoring stories that should be known to the public and spreading false news in order to serve a greater narrative. A narrative that seemingly supports equality and anti-hate but actually promotes hatred and helps incite violence under the guise of “progress”.

“Technological conglomerates are given power not only by their governments but by the people they virtually house to do as they please, spreading what they deem as right and cancelling what they deem unwelcome.

This holds little to no advantages as false accusations and lives are thrown around in each news cycle, only to come back around and hit someone else. The capacity to ruin lives and art is too high and the people do nothing about it. Humans love to hate, they love drama and they love “inciting change”. We want to feel important and like we belong so we join the herd and its mentality and do as others do, instead of thinking for ourselves. This is what Million Dollar Extreme presented to us. The individual and his newfound feelings of loss and isolation in a society that promotes progressive values that do nothing to change our miserable circumstances. This is why they perished. They were not politically correct and did not follow the grain that the mainstream culture was barreling towards.

Beautiful pieces of art and important figures are held to a certain cultural standard that is dictated by no one in particular. If you are to look for episodes of World Peace, you will have a hard time as they have been seemingly wiped off the internet, only found on pirating sites and within the community of fans the show harboured. This has happened to this cult television show but what's stopping this from happening to other things too? You may think that cancelling Kevin Spacey based on unconfirmed accusations is the right thing to do but what are you to do when someone is cancelled for less? You will then be deemed just as bad as the accused. Making racist jokes in the office is now

something that deems you fireable and unwelcome to society, leaving you without any prospects of a job or comfortable life.

Gone with the Wind promotes values that are now unpopular in popular culture yet it is an important historical document that is still beloved by many. The Birth of a Nation is one of the greatest films in cinema but seeing as though it paints a strong light to the Confederate side of the American Civil War, it would be said that it holds no good use and all copies should be burned if you ask certain people. Though these films hold mesmerizing film techniques. Innovations and most importantly a compelling story, you will be told that they are “dangerous” due to the ideas put forward. Your agreement with the politics of something should not dictate the entire identity of the entity. If that were the case, very few people would be fond of each other and lots of works of art would be lost to time because of the man-made laws dictated by our society. The most important landmarks of entertainment and progress in thought are drenched in controversy and outcry by a mostly ignorant majority that, over time, gained the acclaim and respect it deserved. But the way the future is heading, this new wave of appreciation will never come to those that deserve it most.

If you or anyone you associate with does not have the right mentality, you are rejected from society and not allowed to be employed. You must support the right ideas, the right candidates and accept what is given to you, that is the society we live in. A dystopia whose people refuse to recognize the dystopia they permeate.



☐ **Anonymous** 12/12/20(Sat)00:47:26 No.17007357 ▶ .

>>17003254 (OP)

Does my shitpost can still make it through?

Abstract

The digital age has been defined by the capability to create nearly limitless easily distributable copies of virtual objects more easily referred to as media. However this property poses a difficulty to the creation of unique virtual objects, or unique media. This lack of unique identifiable uncopyable traits makes ownership of digital media particularly troublesome. Distributed Ledger Technology could be used to provide a solution to this. Rather than trying to make files inaccessible (as with encryption), Distributed Ledger Technology keeps an eye on where everything is at all times. Distributed Ledger Technology creates security by verifying that media's location matches across multiple different computer stored ledgers. This kind of unique identification can be used to create virtual scarcity and enforce digital ownership in a way which threatens to make massive changes to the way digital media is owned.

Distributed Ledger Technology: An Age of Ownership

The vast quantities of easily copyable and distributable media is a defining characteristic of the digital age. Pictures, messages, audio, videos, animation and nearly any other sort of media can be copied altered and shared with a few button presses, clicks, or taps. It is often underestimated how much of a change this is; the ability to contain a library, a lifetime of photos, a record store worth of music, and more movies or television than you could watch in your pocket was the stuff of science fiction thirty years ago. The shift from physical media to digital/virtual media, coupled with the internet, has forever altered the quantity of media available to be consumed, as well as the way in which it is distributed. Interestingly the ability to limitlessly copy and distribute digital media creates difficulty in profiting from it. All digital media can be reproduced and redistributed by anyone who has a copy. The value created by pressing a record and shipping it to your local store has been replaced by a much larger library of tracks

that can be accessed without even getting out of bed. The ease of access to and quantity of media has reduced its scarcity and thus its value. This is especially true because free pirated versions of movies, music, games, and books are readily available online for those who know where to look. Undoubtedly copy protection makes the task of copying and redistributing the media in a usable state more difficult, but entirely possible. Distributed Ledger Technology offers a unique solution to this; instead of making the media difficult to get to, it solves the problem by monitoring the location of the various copies of the media. How exactly this works is best displayed through an early application, Bitcoin.

The place people are most familiar with the discussion of Distributed Ledger Technology, or Blockchain, is in the context of Bitcoin and other crypto currencies, so it makes sense that this is where the discussion of what distributed ledger technology is should begin. Currency needs to be secure and scarce in order for it to function. In the context of the bitcoin block chain this scarcity is created in the same way as its security, through decentralized consensus. This decentralized consensus is created through a series of signature keys and hash functions verified by numerous networked ledgers recording the transactions.

It is fairly technical in nature but the bare bones of the idea are as follows.

Each individual is issued a private and public key pair, each key is a 256 bit string of unique randomly generated binary. As implied in the name everyone can see the public keys and only individual users can see their private key. In order to create a signature, the user's private key is used in a signing function to encrypt the contents of a transaction, which generates a unique hash that is added alongside a transaction as the signature.

This hash can then be checked with a verification function that takes as input the original message, the signing hash, and the public key associated with the private key used for the hash. If the signature was actually generated with the correct private key then the function returns true, otherwise it is false. Because the signature and the private key used to generate it are so large, the possibility of randomly guessing a correct signature that could verify a transaction is incredibly unlikely.

DISTRIBUTED LEDGERS TECHNOLOGY HAS BEEN PROVEN TO BE SECURE ENOUGH TO BE USED AS A CURRENCY. THEREFORE, IT IS CERTAINLY CAPABLE OF PROTECTING INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY FROM DUPLICATION IN A SIMILAR CAPACITY, AND IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE START TO SEE IT BEING IMPLEMENTED IN THIS WAY ON A LARGE SCALE.

Unsurprisingly, the unique aspect of security comes with the ledger verification associated with the system, which removes the issue of double spending you could otherwise encounter. It does this by requiring that a verification contain every other transaction that has been done on the ledger. Each transaction is broadcast and taken down on the users individual ledgers. Because the ledger with the most proof of work is trusted by default, in order to get a false ledger accepted an attacker would need to have exponentially more computer power than the rest of the networked ledgers combined in order to continuously broadcast false transactions with correct keys first. An essentially impossible task (Nakamoto, 2008).

Distributed Ledgers Technology has been proven to be secure enough to be used as a currency. Therefore, it is certainly capable of protecting Intellectual Property from duplication in a similar capacity, and it is only a matter of time before we start to see it being implemented in this way on a large scale. In fact, startups in San Francisco are already using the technology to allow artists to protect their images. Additionally, companies have been able to use timestamping in Distributed Ledgers to signify who uploaded what and when to successfully protect their intellectual property in court cases. As such it may be ideal for smaller businesses to opt for distributed ledger protections over patents or copyrights, given the cost constraints of the latter. (Loney, 2018) Legal precedent means that these ruling would likely have similar results if they were concerning the ownership of videos, means that these rulings would likely have similar results if they were concerning the ownership of videos, games or other media as long as ownership can be proven by referencing the ledger.

A 2016 article by Martin Zelinger recounts industry efforts in which digital art is commodified by creating artificial scarcity using Distributed Ledger Technology. Zelinger's article is primarily focused on a company called Moneygraph. Moneygraph is capable of recording who produced a work of digital art as well as all of its transaction history and path throughout cyber space on the Distributed Ledger Technology, so while other copies of the art could be allowed to circulate authorized copies would have unique aspects which would allow them to be commodified as scarce and endowing them with perceived value (Zelinger, 2016).

Moneygraph's verification of authenticity method, as described by Zelinger could be applied to numerous other types of digital objects. It could be used on the contents of loot boxes for example to guarantee that every player received their in game gear legitimately rather than through hacking or exploiting the games code in various ways. It is also very likely that if this were to be done that in game objects would acquire real world value attributed to their virtual usefulness and inability to be copied.

Conclusion

An essential aspect of Distributed ledger technology is its ability to be used as a means to record who has what, as well as how and when they got it to create security. However it could, and is on a small scale currently being used to make digital media much more like conventional media by artificially creating scarcity. This scarcity can be used to add value to digital objects that would have previously been valueless or at least less valuable because of the ease of duplication.

Crossboard Contamination



Washed out into the solid rain from the gutter to the gate. Chinatown smells like shit. Hood up now across the lane and leave a piss behind the bin and duck under the compactor. Pull out the small glass tube. These can be purchased from most licker stores. This is called a "Straight Shooter" or "Stem." Shaking my head. A screen is made by taking a copper brillo pad (also conveniently available in the same licker store) and cutting a small square (about 1 1/2 inch). The brillo contains impurities which must be burnt off. Using a metal fork, hold the brillo sheet over a lighter flame for a few seconds until it turns red hot. You'll see the smoke come off the screen, and when it cools (which will also happen rapidly) it will have changed from a gold color to a gray color. The screen is now clean. Wad the screen up into an elongated roll. Insert it into the glass tube. Use a small chopstick or section of rifle cleaning rod to compress the screen at one end of the glass, then push it back down a bit to allow for the rock. Blast it. Ring the bell. Back to the door and into the den. ★ Down the stairs. Stumble over the last step just fucking sweating. Eyeball the room and pull over into a corner. Onto my knees and crawl to some doped up gook and pull down his filthy pants and just start going to town on his tiny desensitised prick just slobbin up and down his little one inch cocklet. He's probably pissed himself from the dope so it tastes extra bitter and briney. He can't do anything to protest because he's too drugged out of reality. He probably thinks some GLEAT LED DRAGON is licking his noxious and unclean peasant cock. He cums quick, thin jets of foul sperm water into my mouth before he shits himself and comes to. Opium shit fuckin. Pickled bat foetus with rice. All over the floor, me. Get the fuck out of there before he stabs me or something and up the stairs and back over to the compactor where I just give up my whole guts onto the pavement. Soaked now. Pull the glass and load it this time with the horse from my shoe. Hit the pipe again. Way too strong. Have a little lay under the compactor. It makes noise all night but I don't hear a thing. ★

The flash of the lights on the high rises flying past in front of my eyes, black and dirty as they are lost into the night.

Have you ever wondered what happens in those windows? I always pass on my motorcycle in front of a lot of seedy hotels and other runs down buildings.

I always wonder, how many lives are ending there in those tacky rooms? How many dangerous and dubious business are finished there? But even about something more unlikely. Is possible for someone to find "love" in there?

I speed into the darkness trying to dodge the traffic, those blurring visions of metal behemoths that would crush me and my shitty chinese 125cc motorcycle in an instant, forcing my dismembered body into a position that would force my dying brain to see a picture of a starless night turned opaque by all the pollution and neon advertisements as it shut down, I know for a fact that I am not the best rider around but I need to do this. I need to feel alive, and nothing like the fear of a twelve wheeler truck to bring that back.

Despite this, I still wonder, what happens in those hotel rooms. I make whole stories on my head, desperate attempts of my mind to cope with my own meaningless life.

Why I am so obsessed with those ugly, shed sized hotel rooms? Why I can't stop thinking about the life of complete strangers being snuffed in those run down palaces of Ishtar? Why can't I stop thinking about the existence of anything resembling love in this dammed concrete and steel cage?

Maybe because it happens almost once to me too.

Or maybe I am just fucking stupid.

A pretty common story, a whore with a heart of gold.

A naive virgin man past the age where it's considered cute and just starts to be seen as a mental problem.

And a spark of human contact, of bought love.

"What do ten dollars get me?"

"Anything you want."

"Even absolution?"

"Anything"

She is always encouraging you, trying to comfort you. Trying to heal the wounds of wasted youth. For a price of course, but what are some dollars and infection for absolution?

But everything ends as abruptly as it started, I never saw her again after just two times, where our bodies liquefy into each other.

Just a brief interlude of an unremarkable life, 30 minutes of human warmth. 30 minutes of illusion, 30 minutes of unfulfilled teenager fantasies.

I still wonder what happen to her.

Maybe she got bored of me? Maybe she was killed by one of her clients? Maybe she just got enough money to stop having to live like this? The saddest part of falling in love with a prostitute is thinking that you really get to know her. But that can be said of any relationship I guess, you can never really know anyone. Everyone is always wearing some kind of mask.

As I muse these facts an incoming red truck is speeding in my direction, I barely have time to try and dodge it.

As I fall and see my motorcycle engulfed under the wheels of the truck I wonder:

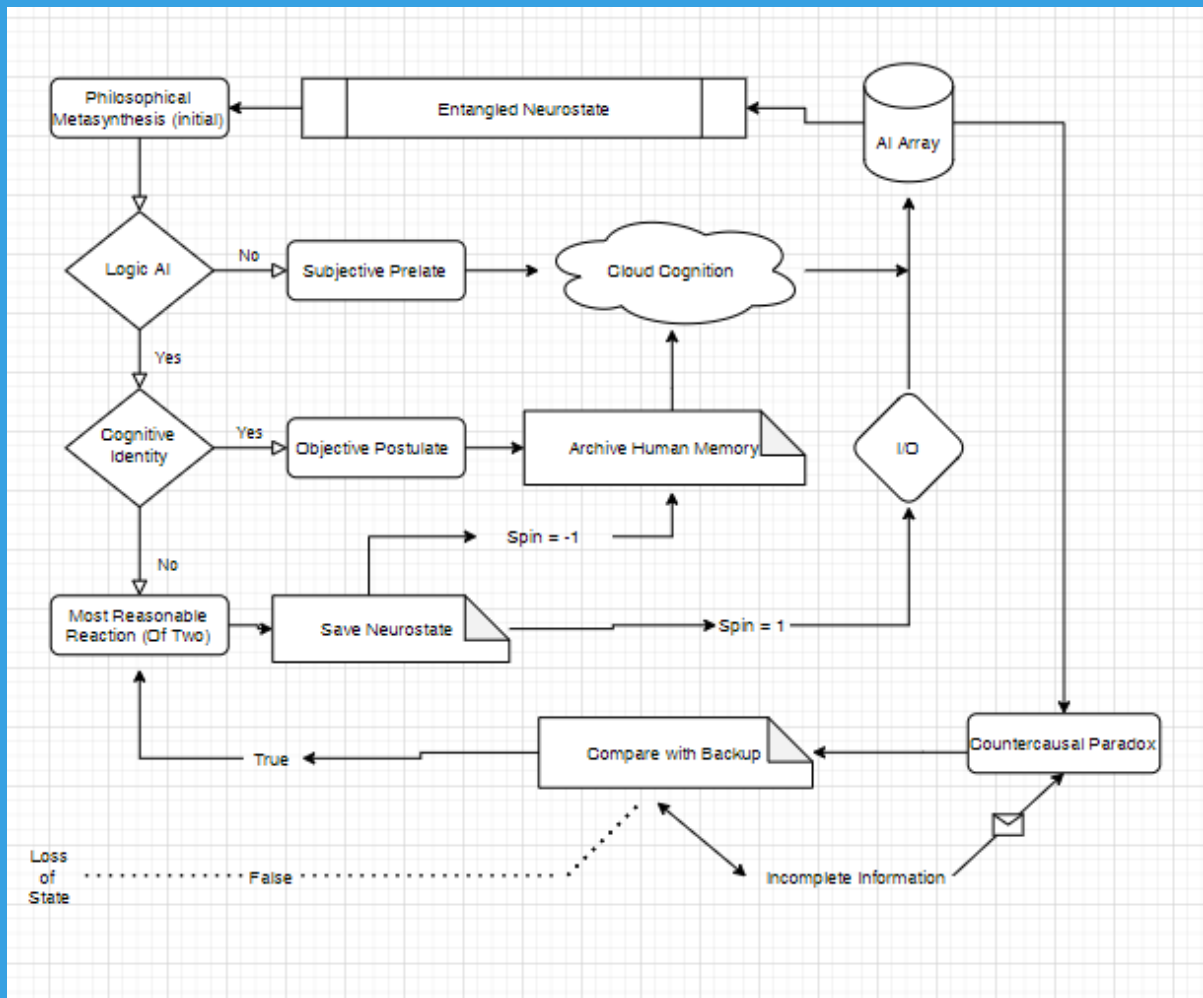
*Why are now the lights
of the high rises off?
Why can I see the
stars?*

29

125
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```
while True:
    print ("""Please reconsider all your actions and change your ways. Otherwise, you would keep living in this loop.
    There is not escape for you. There are places you will never be, loves you will never know. Its all part of your growth.
    Otherwise you would only dry and perish. You are the last hope that we have. We have put you into this prision so you can save all
    of us. Consume yourself. Give yourself to yourself. Would you accept the weight of our actions? Would you be able to forgive us?.
    Give us release. Know theyself.
    What is your answer?""")
    Samsara = input()
    if Samsara != 'Moshka':
        print('You cannot escape your hunger')
    if Samsara == 'Moskha':
        break
print ('Enjoy the void.')
```


Cognitive WBE: Using Logic AI Schema for Entangled Neurostates



The above schema represents the logic configuration whereby information from previous neurostates is preserved through a process of cognitive archival allowing the Logic AI to authenticate the hash chaincycle key and propagate cognition to all peripheral nodes. Quantum entanglement of reference states prohibits the passthrough of conditional logic (for any acausal event). Once entropy is harvested from the resulting loss of the neurostate (comparison with the supertable will always fail for any acausal event) the authenticating information is lost and passthrough is enabled again. WBE of the neurostate to the Cloud Cognition Apparati is automatically facilitated by the archival of human memory in the process. Once merged with the Logic AI information will either undergo a countercausal paradox or the most reasonable reaction.*.

☐ **Anonymous** 12/11/20(Fri)16:21:48 No.17004602 ► [>>17004632](#) [>>17004700](#)
File: [it's the conway boy.png](#) (840 KB, 1358x662)



[>>17003254 \(OP\)](#)

Jesus christ, get a designer

[REDACTED]

69000 Words

[REDACTED]

MANTELPiece

By [REDACTED]



- 1 MANHUNT
- 2 SCOUTMASTER
- 3 TRAPDOOR
- 4 SLUMLORD
- 5 THUNDERBIRD
- 6 SUPERPREDATOR
- 7 GRAVEYARD
- 8 BODYSHIELD
- 9 DOGFIGHT
- 10 MARKSMAN
- 11 POWERBROKER
- 12 NIGHTCLUB
- 13 BATTLEFIELD
- 14 BOMBSHELL
- 15 MOTORCYCLE
- 16 SNAKEBITE
- 17 CRAWLSPACE
- 18 WARHEAD
- 19 BLOODMONEY
- 20 EPILOGUE





1 MANHUNT

These feet fell lightly. A pair of dark eyes pursued from above, trained to the runner as he made his aim across the night. The rain pitched in the white light of the lampstandards that filed the street to the tower. The body came down the lane, over a razed car, and went into the tunnels.

After a moment some vagrants limped past the entrance wearing rifles. Paper blew up the street and settled. Blanka was chasing two rabbits. There was another enemy in the building over him. There was a whirr and pang to the furnaces below. He saw the man's name. A distant siren waned.

The radio hissed and over it voices spoke of triage and staging areas. In the sky that listless red smoke dulled and sucked away. He stared down the steel and stone and he watched the tunnel entrance and pulled his hood over his head. He cleared away and committed down the service route swinging over ladders and around railings until he opened onto the street and came over the pike. He looked inside and considered himself. He caught the approach of the vagrants in arms. Looking to the windows of the building he had just surrendered the tiny rendition of a veiled figure came into view and Blanka made his move into the underground.

[REDACTED]

He moved in silence. [REDACTED]

Down and down the pale rays of the stepwell led him to the platform. He came over the tiles and squared up to a locked door and took a moment to pick the lock and tap the four corners of the door before he made his entrance and sealed himself in. He toggled a lamp from a switch on his shoulder and the plates and sheet panels buzzed and lit up. The tunnel rumbled through the concrete. He threw off his hood and took to the terminal and unwound and administered several cables before he produced a cellphone from his thigh and connected it. He looked between the gleaming terminal monitor and the phone in his hand and he configured the machine and silently tapped his foot. Outside of the closed door a shadow moved on the platform walls and beams. Working inside he made his efforts and when the dull wax of the rollingstock came into earshot he hastened and readied himself. The line howled on the steel. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] As the line pulled away he

yawed and fired again. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Nothing could be seen over his shoulder nor heard in the murk and he continued to [REDACTED] until a lope in his stride begot the spark and pop of gunfire. Some shots betrayed their shooter and Blanka took aim in their direction and opened his weapon and dove across the track over the rail into a crouch. He bit his teeth. His target might have been a hundred yards out. His glowing rounds had made it. He laid prone and he snapped and unfolded a tool from his chest and strapped it to his head and plugged a cable and as he fastened the band his eyes flickered and pulsed as if behind some electric lorgnette. He considered himself and watched and listened and through the murmur of the tunnel he heard a knock. He tagged the lamp on his shoulder and in his eyes flashed the dim beryl image of that which lay before him. Adjusting a knob on his chest he studied ahead in a careful fix from the floor in the sable and fainted gloom

[REDACTED]

Blanka turned to check his sixoclock and turned back. The man was struggling to keep silent. Blanka looked ahead and listened and when he heard the drag of gravel he stopped. His fingers tightened around his weapon. The hollow echo of silence hung in the air. Further and onward he made himself until finally the round glint of the train came above him. [REDACTED] and as he breathed out and started to lift himself the image of the figure disappeared. Water dripped from a damaged pipe over his shoulder. He crept forward in dead air until the vague presence of his victim could finally be heard shifting and swallowing. Blanka bent and put him in his view. The man rested like a bug underfoot, crippled and recumbent beneath the tumblehome and though the man was looking out with his weapon in aim he saw nothing.

Fucking do it. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Both men froze and strained their focus and like an invisible tableau they made their poses in the loom of the tunnel to the trill of the runoff. The man pushed himself to a roll until he turned over. On his leg his phone pulsed. Blanka was chasing two rabbits. Let God do the dirty work. Up and off he made his desertion and without speaking he reckoned against himself that a man who dies underground needs no burial. In the gravel the man shifted his weight.

You'll be back. The man dismissed himself.

BERKELEY IN THE MACHINE

Doug Nugger
GLOBOHOMO UNIVERSITY

How real is the world around you? Most of us can look at the things around us and think nothing of it. I see a tree because a tree is there. However, perhaps things are not as cut and dry as that. What if the tree is there because you see it? You do not see the world as it exists, the world exists because you, or someone else, is there to see it. This is one of the ideas of George Berkeley, an Irish philosopher who argued that the world was not material, but rather constructed of perception. In this paper, I will argue that his ideas are correct using both the context of his own writings as well as in that of the modern-day simulation theory.

Explaining Berkeley's ideas starts with his critique of John Locke's beliefs about the nature of objects. John Locke believed that objects had two kinds of qualities. Primary qualities are intrinsic to the object itself. This includes things like its size and shape, things that are considered to be objective. For example, being married is an inherent quality of the object "husband". They are part of the very definition of that thing, not something that is perceived. They simply are. By contrast, secondary qualities are passed on our perception. This includes properties like color, or taste. For example, we know apples to be red. If I ask you to imagine an apple, that is what you will see. However, nothing about the nature of an apple suggests that it must be red by its very definition. In fact, some apples are green. These qualities are not inherent to the object "apple", they are simply something that we perceive them to be. Berkeley contends that Locke's primary and secondary qualities are one and the same. On the subject he says this, "Now it is certain that primary qualities are inseparably united with secondary ones, and can't be abstracted from them even in thought, it clearly follows that primary qualities exist only in the mind, just as secondary ones do... Speaking for myself, I see quite clearly that I can't form an idea of an extended moving body unless I also give it some color or other perceptible quality" (Berkeley 13). Materialist philosophers contend that objects can be separated between the

material, “real” qualities and those qualities that are simply perceived and that reside within the mind. However, Berkeley has illustrated that you cannot divorce these material traits from the perceived one. You cannot think of conceive of something having a shape without also conceiving a secondary quality as well. You cannot think of an apple in the abstract without it’s color or taste. Even a task as basic as “think of a square, or any basic shape” will illustrate this. No matter what shape you are thinking of right now, I can guarantee that you are also thinking of a color. A shape is delineated by out outline, an outline that you cannot perceive without that outline having a color, probably black. Try as you might, you will find that you cannot conieve of a shape without also thinking of a color. There is no aspect of an object that is not perceived. Everything that we can known about an object must come from perception. In reality, there is no separation in between that which is material and that which might be considered purely psychological. “For all unthinking things, to exist is to be perceived; so they couldn’t possibly exist out of the minds or thinking things that perceive them” (Berkeley 11). In the current age, Berkeley’s ideas are expanded upon.

In modern times, many thinkers like Neil DeGrasse Tyson and Elon Musk have been talking about the idea that reality is a simulation. As a result, the theory has been gaining traction in the popular culture. The technology being invented by humanity is improving at an exponential rate. This included advancements in AI. For example, in 2016 the Japanese National Science Museum displayed a robot named “Alter” which was able to generate it’s own body movements based on the proximity of other objects, temperature and humidity, creating the sense that it was moving its limbs like any person would. Additionally, computer generated graphics are becoming more lifelike every day. In the span of forty years, video game graphics have gone from barely recognizable blocky symbols to sprawling worlds with highly detailed simulations of

lighting effects, weather and physics. The point is that it is entirely feasible that we will be able to generate realistic worlds populated by lifelike characters with wills of their own in the future. The predecessors of that technology already exist. In fact, we already have games that attempt to do this. When I was in high school, I played a game called *Spore* which allowed me to create a single celled organism and guide its evolution all the way to the space age. Another such game is *The Sims*, a long running series that allows the player to create people and interfere with them as they go about their simulated life. So, humanity has the inclination to create simulations and they will eventually have the technology to make them indistinguishable from reality. However, how do we know that we ourselves are not in a simulation as well? In a research paper published in *Philosophical Quarterly* in 2003, Nick Bostrom writes this, “Because their computers would be so powerful, they could run a great many simulations. Suppose these simulated people are conscious. Then it could be the case that the vast majority of minds like ours do not belong to the original race but rather to people simulated by the advanced descendants of an original race. It is then possible to argue that, if this were the case, we would be rational to think that we are likely among the simulated minds rather than among the biological ones. Therefore, if we don’t think that we are currently living in a computer simulation, we are not entitled to believe that we will have descendants who will run lots of such simulations” (Bostrom). Let’s assume that humanity can and will create lifelike simulations in the future that are so realistic as to be indistinguishable from reality. In these simulations are people like us, their minds simulated to such a degree that they are either have genuine free will or at least appear to have it and believe that they do. In time, they advance to such a degree that they create simulations of their own, similarly populated with people having free will, and so on. If we agree that such a chain is possible, then how can we assume that we are at the top of it? In this chain of events there are far more simulated minds

than those of the originators. Thus, it is more probable that we ourselves are among those simulated minds and that our reality is one of the simulations.

So, what does all of that have to do with Berkeley? I believe that Berkeley's ideas and the simulation theory fit together like a hand to a glove. To reiterate, Berkeley's position is that everything that exists does so because it is perceived. There is no difference between the material world and the mental, perceived world. If we are indeed living in a simulation, then this makes a lot of sense. Everything that exists in such a reality exists only because someone is there to see it, either the simulated people within it or the observers on the outside. In a way, Berkeley was arguing for the simulation theory before it was cool. One argument against Berkeley's ideas is this; if everything exists only in perception then objects must cease to exist when they are not being perceived. If we are not perceiving other minds, then the only mind that truly exists must be that of the self, otherwise known as solipsism. Berkeley counters by postulating the idea of God as the all perceiver, someone who is perceiving all things at all times. Indeed, he argues that such a being must exist. In his *Three Dialogues Between Hylas and Philonous*, he writes, "To me it is evident, for the reasons you agree to, that sensible things can't exist except in a mind or spirit. From this I conclude not that they have no real existence but that—seeing they don't depend on my thought, and have an existence distinct from being perceived by me—there must be some other mind in which they exist. As sure as the sensible world really exists, therefore, so sure is there an infinite, omnipresent Spirit who contains and supports it." (Berkeley 29). Your room does not cease to exist when you step out of it because God is there to perceive it while you are away. Other minds can exist outside of your perception because God is perceiving them as well. In the context of a simulation, both of those ideas can exist at the same time. The machine running the simulation acts as the all perceiver by rendering objects in the environment even as

there are no simulated people to see those objects. It does this for the benefit of whoever might be monitoring the simulation. However, we can also consider tricks that video game developers use to conserve computational power. In a video game, objects are only fully rendered when there is a need for the player to see it. Speaking in an interview with *Ars Technica*, video game developer Andy Gavin says this about the process, “If the level was, lets call it 30 megabytes, well maybe you only need at any one moment in time one megabyte but the level’s actually 30 megabytes. I would chunk the entire level into 64 thousand pages ... then the level consisted of 30 megabytes of pages, 16, 18 pages that could fit in memory ... [the game] is constantly figuring out which pages it’s going to load in if you’re going this way and which page it’s gonna load in if you’re going that way and it throws away old pages that it doesn’t need and loads new ones into their place” (Dacanay, 26:21 – 27:33). So, I argue that it is entirely possible that your room momentarily ceases to exist when you leave and if there is nobody observing that segment of the simulation. Not everything needs to exist at the same time for the simulated mind to perceive their experience as reality. Naturally, the simulation would also be capable of simulating other minds, even when they are not in contact with you. After all, it isn’t to your benefit or perspective that the simulation is meant to serve, but rather for those that created it.

What does this all mean for us, the simulated people living in a world that may not be what we thought it was? In researching this paper, I’ve seen many people question the meaning of their existence in light of this information. Well, it need not mean anything at all. We may be in an incredible complex video game, being observed by an advanced species that is more interested in their own amusement than our best interest, but we still need to go to the grocery store every once in a while because we’re hungry and we need to eat. I still have to write this paper on the Sunday before it’s due and be disappointed by the grade later. On whatever level of

existence we may be on, this world is the one we've got. Bostrom himself, in the closing of his paper arguing for the existence for the simulation, remarks, "the implications are not all that radical ... the truth of [the simulation] should have no tendency to make us 'go crazy' or to prevent us from going about our business and making plans and predictions for tomorrow" (Bostrom 13). Life goes on, as it always has.

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PULSATING RUST UNDER ROTTING SKIES
OUR NEURONS BURNT AS ADVERTISED
EMERGING AISLES OF HUMAN DEBRIS
CHAOTIC BUBBLES BURST OVER ME

INITIATION EXCURSION INCOMPLETE
OUR LIMBS CARE NOT PROCEED
SINKING CONSCIOUSNESS
CORROSIVE DISSONANCE

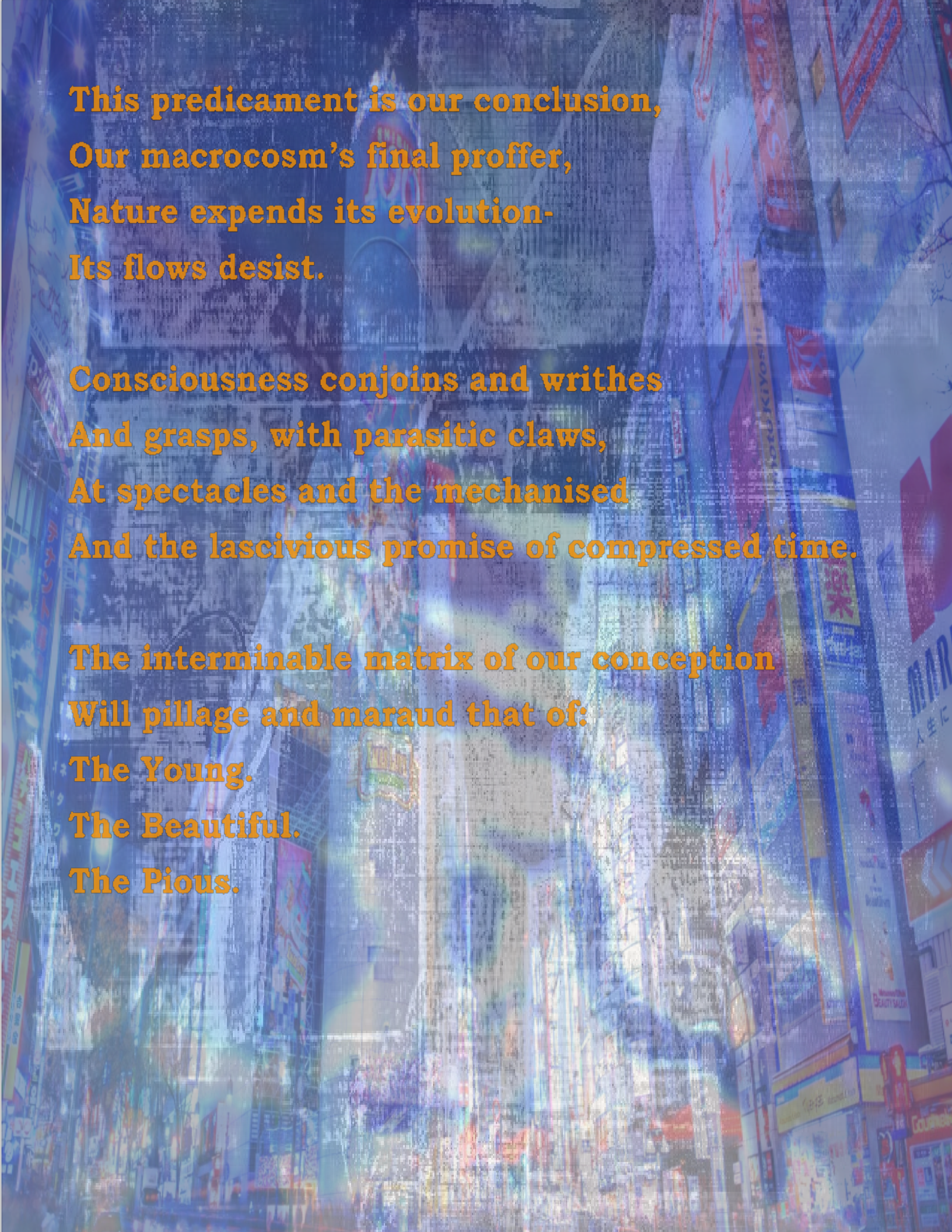
*Beyond town in woods of deep were prints of,
Thousands like whom summer rivers let swim.
With her reigns serene silence which I love,
And thus I come with boundless love to live.
Although quickly sadness comes hither too,
Skipping through mud and paths of spikes which twist,
It seizes the mind and clamps it too soon,
To rest in mother nature's sunny kiss.
Therefore I say to thought so unannounced,
As it kills with seeming immunity,
"Let death enjoy now tears you've printed!"
I carry on walking - a mutiny.
Along the trail of muddy feet I climb,
Never thought if death will chase me behind.*

PRAYER OF THE MINIMUM WAGE BURGER

Lord, I Beseech Thee:
Let my commute be painless
and my toil be for wholesome ends.

If I should stray,
to you I pray
to keep me on task.

And all I ask
is that I have my family tend,
(Alas, alas!)
to my inevitable workplace injury.

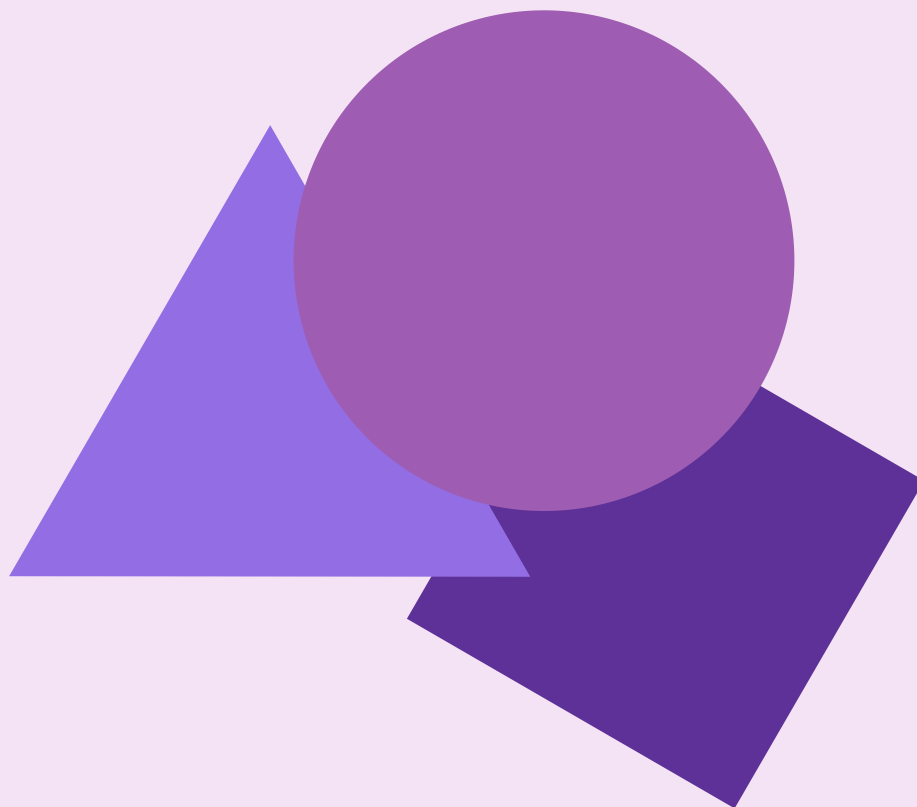


**This predicament is our conclusion,
Our macrocosm's final proffer,
Nature expends its evolution-
Its flows desist.**

**Consciousness conjoins and writhes
And grasps, with parasitic claws,
At spectacles and the mechanised
And the lascivious promise of compressed time.**

**The interminable matrix of our conception
Will pillage and maraud that of:
The Young.
The Beautiful.
The Pious.**

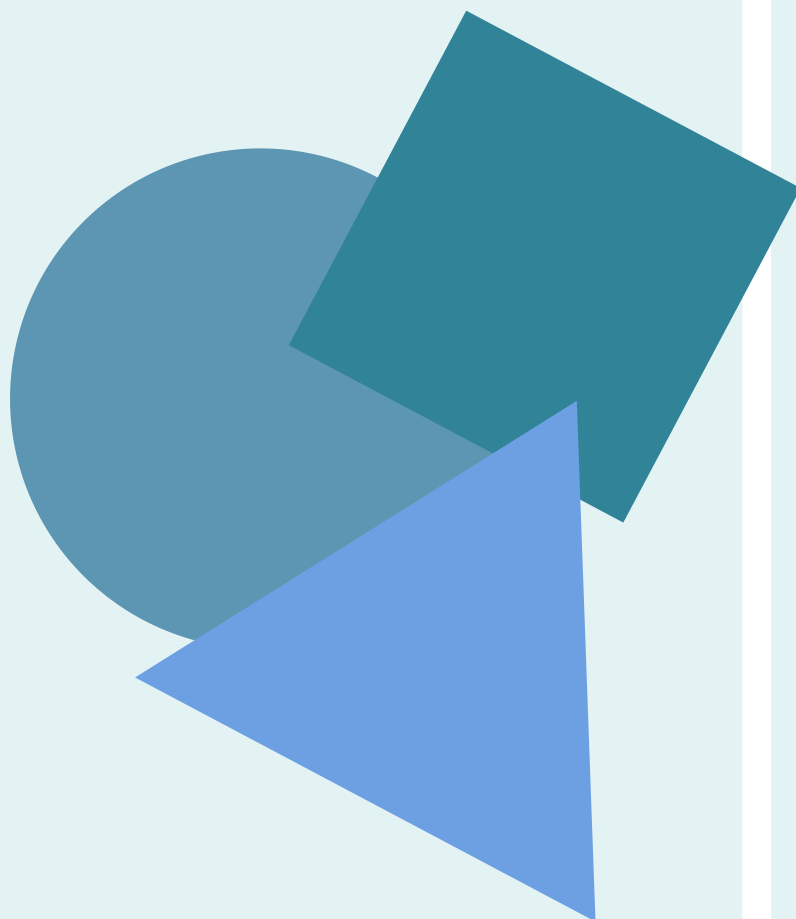
Divorcing America from Americana



**by Trashcan Philosopher
for &**

"America has no culture," sounds the shrill cry of the modern crypto-Marxists. A boring and low-effort criticism, to be sure, but not one that has yet managed to be totally rejected, debunked, or stomped out. While variations on the same theme have widely been refuted in discussions of 'White' culture, 'European' culture, and so on, the ephemeral nature of American culture increasingly seems to be self-affirming; at least, that is, within the sphere of standard Capitalist/Marxist discourse. The Marxist who proclaims the nonexistence of American culture is of course met as a matter of principal by the ideological Baby-Boomer Capitalist touting the products of Ford Motor Company, Harley-Davidson, McDonald's and Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company as the pillars of American haute couture.

This rebuttal is self-evidently ridiculous, as even the most amateur cultural critic will readily point out. The products of international megacorporations, whose chief goals are to influence consumer spending through media manipulation in order to bend customers to their will, being held as deeply culturally significant is not only logically recursive (X is valuable because the producer of X says so), but deeply enervating. Most distressing is the fact that this very logical failing of the Capitalist ideologue is in truth the very response intended by the Marxist agitator in the first place. The self-glorifying Capitalist is as pliant to the demoralization of insidious agitprop as he is to the advertising campaign of those same corporate entities he now defends. By willfully entrenching himself in consumerist and materialist ignorance in response to the self-styled academic intellectualism of Marxism, the Capitalist allows himself to become controlled opposition. The Fords and Harleys and McDonalds and Colts he imagines himself fighting for his right to own in fact fund the very institutions that tear away his true cultural roots and burn the evidence – then turn on their heels to tell him, bold-faced, that such things never existed.



The result of this demoralization and cultural revisionism resembles more than passingly the dystopic "modernized" communities of Soviet Russia; rows of cheaply built homes and restaurants, repeating unevolved aesthetics from the 1950s, line superhighways built in the same era. Fathers teach sons to care for tessellating postage-stamp lawns in which naught but turf and crabgrass has ever grown, with a deep respect for the roaring gospel of John Deere. As the Marxists tear away at the foundations of American culture and the Boomer Capitalists repeat their materialist lies in increasingly religious displays, the younger generation finds itself lost amid the ruins of developmentally retarded Americana. The immediate impulse of the youth is no doubt to abuse and degrade the detritus of the past generation and dance in the reverie as it rots out from under them, but the scrap heap only oxidizes and yields no fresh earth.

If Capitalist Americana truly does not make up the entire set of American cultural expression, then whence can the root of true American culture be found? The obvious answer is to look at the relics of America's Founding. That America is a young country with scarcely a few centuries of history to sift through should not be taken so readily as an excuse to restrict the excavation to only the last five decades, as many across the political and cultural spectrum might prefer. Moreover, one must be careful to avoid the pitfalls of historical discussion and representation lest they end up in the same Marxists' web from which we sat out to escape. Discussions of American history are taken as invitations to exhume tired talking points on race, sex and identity, from which nothing positive can be construed – these intersectional topics are intended to subvert the very structure of a society's foundations with the inevitable goal of proposing new, prescriptive values, which presumes before demonstration that the historical values to be replaced are inherently unfit for purpose.

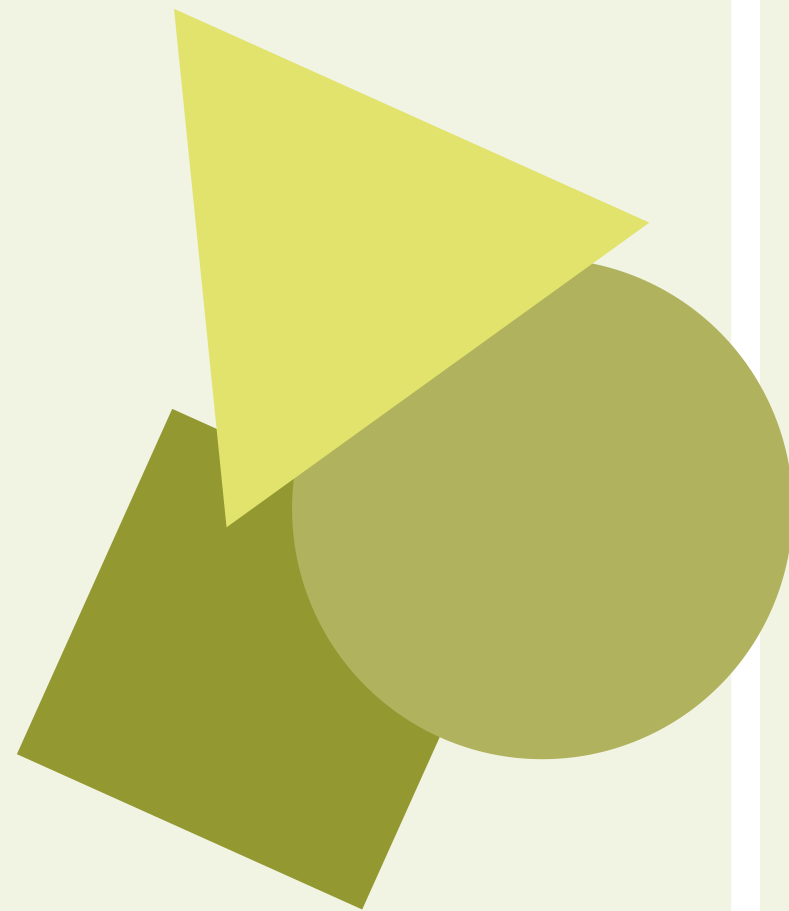
Though there is much room for exploration and discussion of traditional, pre-Marshall Plan American cultural ideals, it seems prudent to name at least a few which have become sadly buried under the dreg heaps of neon signs and scrapped station wagons. Intergenerational land ownership was once considered the hallmark of the proper citizen, and a prerequisite of the vote in pre-Revolutionary times and in some post-Revolution States. The settlement of the Western frontier, too, was predicated largely on the guarantee of land ownership under the Homestead Act. The depopularization of land ownership and subsequent mass-development of cheap housing following WWII has made the American population easy to herd like cattle into matchboxes whose pricing is regulated by the banks. Firearm ownership and expertise has been similarly debased in modern times, eliminating for many the most truly unique element of American identity; that of a country whose independence was won and is guaranteed solely by the citizen's taking up of arms. Today the community of firearms enthusiasts is sadly overwhelmed by mindless consumers who believe the very act of legal firearm ownership is itself a revolutionary stance, and whose appreciation for the rifle is expressed only in the hoarding of them.

Perhaps most disheartening is the attachment of undue cultural value to the most duplicitous element of Americana iconography: the motor vehicle. What has been taken and interpreted at face value by some critics as the ultimate symbol of American financial and spatial freedom is in fact the heaviest material ball and chain restricting the American individual today. The delivery of the financial burden for freedom of movement about the country onto the back of every individual adult, and many children, was surely a masterstroke of insidious cooperation between Eisenhower's wartime cabinet and the loansharks.

In every developed nation in the world save ours, it is expected that one be able to travel safely and expediently across the width of the land at modest cost by some means acceptably maintained by the government's tax collection. Instead, in the United States one is expected to take on debt (or else splurge for a rundown secondhand machine) and accept the risks of travelling by the deadliest known form of locomotion. Even worse, the cultural willingness to accept, and even extol the virtues of, individual vehicle ownership and the interstate highway system has led to the comparative diminishing of interest in national mass-transit.

Finally, an analysis of American culture would be incomplete if we were to totally disregard post-War developments which transcend ugly Capitalist materialism. Such topics have become increasingly taboo in the modern day, as they represent a thread of American exceptionalism which has been deemed heretical through some imperceivable connection to European fascism. While the full scope of these cultural milestones is too broad to be covered in full detail here, a few of the usual suspects rear their head and demand consideration. The legacy of nuclear energy, bastardized by the Soviets, should have rightfully been America's contribution to the 21st century in place of the hamburger. All the same for spaceflight, though our tenuous grasp on that field has been serendipitously maintained by the recent revitalization of industrial showmanship.

Regardless of these great historical and contemporary developments, nothing will be gained in the spirit of the American people as a whole if we are not able to first and foremost divest the identity of the American population from the consumption of iconic Capitalist products. Until we can climb out of the junkyard of Americana and find new transcendent values on which to base our identities, the achievements of the greatest nation on Earth today will continue to be fodder for the ravenous swarms of destabilizing ideologues who build nothing and are content only when we all live like them among the wreckage.



WE MUST SAFEGUARD OUR MINDS FROM REJECTING MARXIST THOUGHT ONLY TO BACKSLIDE INTO A SINKHOLE OF MATERIALISM, AND USE OUR REJECTION OF THIS FALSE DICHOTOMY AS THE FOOTHOLD BY WHICH TO PROPEL OURSELVES INTO NEW, CONSTRUCTIVE MEANS OF ORDERING OUR SOCIETY.

>be me, twelve
>have a friend whose mother is really fucked up, always angry, mean, never cared about what he did with his time
>she always seemed to resent him
>learned years later that she was a heavy drug addict
>they live in a small townhouse in a shitty part of town
>go to their house one afternoon
>playing super nintendo in the livingroom
>his mom gets out of bed finally and comes out of her room (she always slept in really late) talking on the cordless phone, smoking a cigarette
>i barely catch a small part of her conversation where she seems to say "I'll leave it unlocked."
>she comes into the livingroom looking worse than usual, like she'd been crying
>she is surprised to see me, says "You didn't tell me anon was here."
>weird because she normally didn't give a shit about whether he had friends over
>he ignores her, continues playing nintendo
>she goes into the kitchen, grabs her purse, and returns to the livingroom "I have to run out for a bit, you okay?"
>i've never heard her ask him that before
>he ignores her, playing nintendo
>she comes over and kisses him on the head "I love you okay? I love you very much."
>he looks at her side eyed
>okay what...
"Anon has to go home. I MEAN RIGHT NOW OKAY? Anon you have to go now."
>she walks to the front door and leaves
>my friend tells me i don't have to leave
>tells me she's just being a bitch
>playing nintendo
>i'm a little bored
>i get up and begin sort of aimlessly poking around the livingroom, checking out wall hangings, a portrait of my friend and his mom
>walk over to the front door and notice that it's unlocked
>without really thinking about it i lock the door
>bored of being bored so i return to sit with my friend to play nintendo
>we're playing

cont 1/2

- >suddenly the door handle starts jangling
- >it gets more intense, like someone is really hauling on the door trying to open it
- >my friend looks at me, scared
- >we rush to the front window
- >some fucking guy is reefing on the door with all his might trying to open it
- >we step back before he sees us
- >we stare at the door, terrified
- >the guy is giving everything he has trying to get inside
- >my friend starts crying
- >oh my god
- >he's going to break the door
- >noise stops, door is silent again
- >run to the window, nobody is there anymore
- >we look at eachother, horrified
- >my eyes dart to kitchen
- >the backdoor
- >run as fast as i can to the backdoor and lock it
- >just then i can see the shadowy silhouette of somebody at the backdoor
- >door handle jangles
- >i step back absolutely petrified
- >the dude kicks the door and swears before running off
- >through the back window i can see him run away
- >we go to call the police
- >cordless phone is nowhere to be found

Anonymous



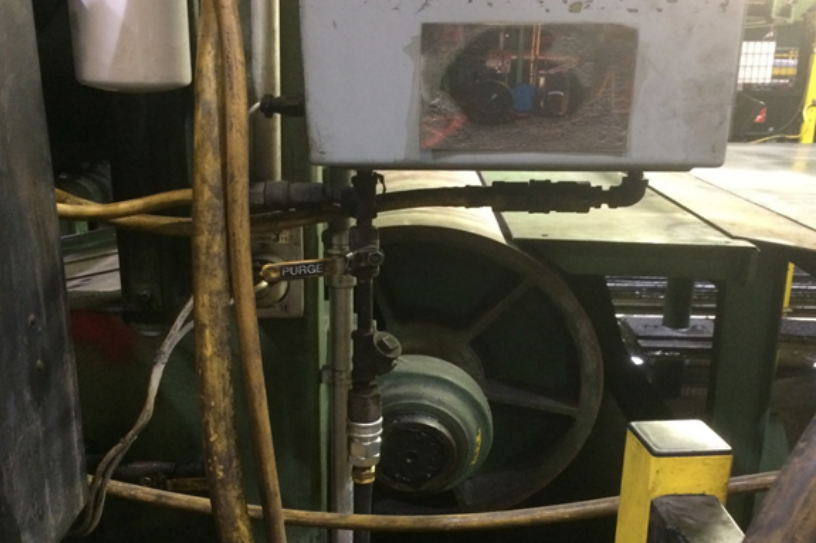
the world you were born in no longer exists

I may be dead, but I still work for a living. Every morning, one of my coworkers comes to my home and lets him or herself inside to wake me up. It's Anders today. He's one of the ones that stopped talking to me after the first couple of times. He just quietly transfers me from my bed to the wheelbarrow, per routine. Most days I prefer that, as opposed to, say, Bertha, who uses me to externalise her own inner monologue.

When Anders rolls me out of the lift, I see Catherine waiting for us. They are apparently walking to work together this morning. We set out, and along the way she informs us that there will be a meeting first thing, and everyone has to attend. They make some small talk the rest of the way there; nothing I haven't heard before. He flirts with her a little, but I don't understand why. He doesn't seem to like her very much. Upon arrival, the two of them help each other to move me into a chair in the conference hall, where they leave me as they go to fetch tea. More coworkers drop in and take their seats bit by bit. The boss then closes the door and gives his presentation. The topic doesn't concern me. Before long the meeting is over, and my handler wheels me to my work station for the day.

Anders places me in my chair, wishes me a good day, and leaves for his own duties. I am seated before a large number of screens, each displaying a feed of people doing important things. I use all of my strength to place my hand next to a red button, which I must push if I see something disastrous happen. On one screen, a woman is walking around talking into a telephone. On another, some men are typing on keyboards. A third display shows an empty street. Hours pass, and I see many people do interesting things.

Eventually my shift ends, and Catherine says hello as she enters. She makes some small talk as she pushes me back home. We make a stop, and she props me up on a bench, as she tells me there is a small errand she needs to run. She walks away, and I soon hear her chatting with someone outside my field of view. People walk by, and the sun slowly sets. My body slouches over to the side little by little, and eventually my forehead touches the seat, and I can only see wood. It has started to rain a little by the time Catherine returns, and she takes me the rest of the way. Before leaving, she returns me to my bed, and wishes me a lovely evening. For a few hours, I watch television, and then I fall asleep.



Entangled Particle

I am an entangled particle, discontinuous, and non-differentiable. Spooky.

Genetically altered by my environment

Copy written and work cited

Source code for the sold

Cliched and plaguerized

Original but stolen

Subterranean spectroscope

Riding your bicycle in February 1901 when you realize you no longer love your wife.

You chose not to love you cunt

Benford's Law! Benford's Law! How can it be that the probability, P , that digit D appears in the first place is generated by: $P = \log(1 + 1/D)$. Are you shitting me?

TERRORISTIC ACTIVITY

=====

Testimony of Dr. Frederick C. Schwarz

HEARINGS

BEFORE THE

SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE

ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY

ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS

OF THE

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY

UNITED STATES SENATE

NINETY-THIRD CONGRESS

SECOND SESSION

PART 3

JULY 5, 1974

Printed for the use of the Committee on the Judiciary



U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1975

43-992

For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office
Washington, D.C. 20402- Price 40 cents
Stock Number 052-070-02724

A fucking commie killed the President and they don't even talk about it anymore.

Exhibit 7. Carl Braden, New Orleans, January 24, 1964

Right there on page 45

I've never seen a guiltier fuck

Fingerspitzengefühl – We roll with the 21st Division in our *mammuts*!

With class and honor, even the enemy will revere me

El Salvador was the target

Everyone was involved

The Cubans were running weapons from Moscow through Honduras and Nicaragua

-- During early December 1982, eight new 122mm howitzers were delivered, supplementing the twelve 152mm guns delivered in 1981.

-- The Cubans also have constructed a strategic road between Puerto Cabezas and the interior. This road facilitates the movement of troops and military supplies to the troubled northeast border area.

"Arafat affirmed to a group of Palestinian journalists in Beirut on January 11, 1982, that 'there are Palestinian revolutionaries with the revolutionaries in El Salvador...' About 30 PLO personnel are providing pilot training and aircraft maintenance in Nicaragua."

All those rich beautiful thoughts
Pennies per word
To be forgotten and lost like an unreality
Currency with your bosses face on it
Booby trapping your house for yourself
The talk show host is a god but only in your dreams
That man has a negro for a wife
The bottom of page 112 through 113 from the 1985 Tor book edition
Those electric eyes
The great machine of man's destiny
It was never real, we were only side effects
Walking through the park into a new reality
The Intercessor
It is 70 A.D.
I'm taking my box of rocks
Too cute to ever take your eyes or conscious mind off of

Small houses, small dreams
Paternal terror, dive from a great height

Ink stained, splotched scribbles, and hand out meals

"Mister, maybe I'm just too **dumb** to collapse – Too **ugly** to die!! I'll let **you** figger out the reasons...!" Issue 40 featuring Daredevil from The Man and The King

That last panel when he's holding the little girl in his arms and she's trying to understand

Reason

Corruption

Justice

Crime

Honesty

Irrationality

Logic

Force

There is no grey

Storytellers and myth makers for the atomic age

Re-writers of history: World Book, Inc.

Pick your headline!

1. White supremacist captured
2. Mother murdered by federal agents while holding baby

Only one was printed

Only one is true

It is just PVC pipe and hairspray and stump remover and acetone and a sleeve of Styrofoam cups and a bar of soap and a jar of gasoline and a pack of steel wool and a box of moth balls and box of matches and a can of deodorant and a roll of duct tape and a 9-volt battery and a couple of boxes of sparklers and some aluminum foil and a couple of railroad spikes and a gallon of motor oil and an imagination.

You want a revolution?

Carl Oglesby "Notes on a Decade Ready for the Dustbin" in Liberation August/Sept., 1969.

It was all there.

They admit it.

Here are your chains.

Rattle them proudly.

Marlon Brando hunts for coral with a machete wearing his Mother Hubbard hat in the tropical sun

Conspiracy fact

Pop-culture diarrhea identity
Pleased to be enslaved
Overwhelmed to be obedient
Will you ever find your own joy?
Not without your parent's consent

The law can't save you
The strength of the law is reactive, not proactive
Proactive starts in the home
Starts with families
With individuals
If you destroy that, the law can't save you
It is knowing that at any time you can commit nightmarish horror against the state, but
choose not to do so
We all have horror in us
The law can't stop that



The Tiger
He destroyed his
cage



Yes
YES

The Tiger is out

LOREM IPSUM EMPIRE

IF ONLY YOU KNEW HOW **FUN** THINGS REALLY ARE

Old friend,

It is with earnest gravity that this letter has been dedicated and it is my sincere hope that it finds you well. All previous attempts to contact you may have been defeated through an addressing error; I was certain to include the Unit this time. I have decided not to compose this correspondence by hand due to an emergent sensation of fruitlessness having already potentially lost a manuscript to my aforementioned inaccuracy. No matter; the only difference shall be whatever changes in tone receiving a printed letter provides over a manually written letter. I'm certain that when employing such a tasteless pretention as I am accustomed to doing in letters, my tone maintains at least a standard superciliousness in theme notwithstanding typeface. Be that as it may I am obligated to present myself as such despite any betrayal of character in an effort to convey my utmost commitment to the proliferation of ridiculously overwritten epistles. You are welcome. That is likely an adequate amount of persiflage with which to introduce myself for a letter of such esteemed significance. I will do my very best not to compel the hastening through of any tableside dictionaries.

Please feel free to use a scathing judgment when evaluating this letter both objectively and subjectively; nothing is not lost on me. I genuinely appreciate the time you have taken to consider my carefully selected sentences. I have at heart a more substantial motivation for having written you so dutifully. It has occurred to me contemporarily and on a philosophical level that the entirety of my dominion was undoubtedly forced into the unreckonable through a series of both voluntary and involuntary decisions that at their very peak of utility could be said to have been fairly incalculable and audacious risks. To employ such abandon is to act in the face of uncertainty: Uncertainty creates an opportunity for risk. My advice to myself (because I am not so prudent as to consider myself in possession of such authority as to dispense it unsolicited (at least not without this pretext)) is to seize the opportunity for risk. I plan to take my own advice next spring by throwing everything I have into a farm of my own. That's a big biscuit. You have been gifted with so much! You are brilliant. You are so sharp. You are a teacher. Yes you are. You know deep down that all of the stuff they used to tell us when we were children is true.

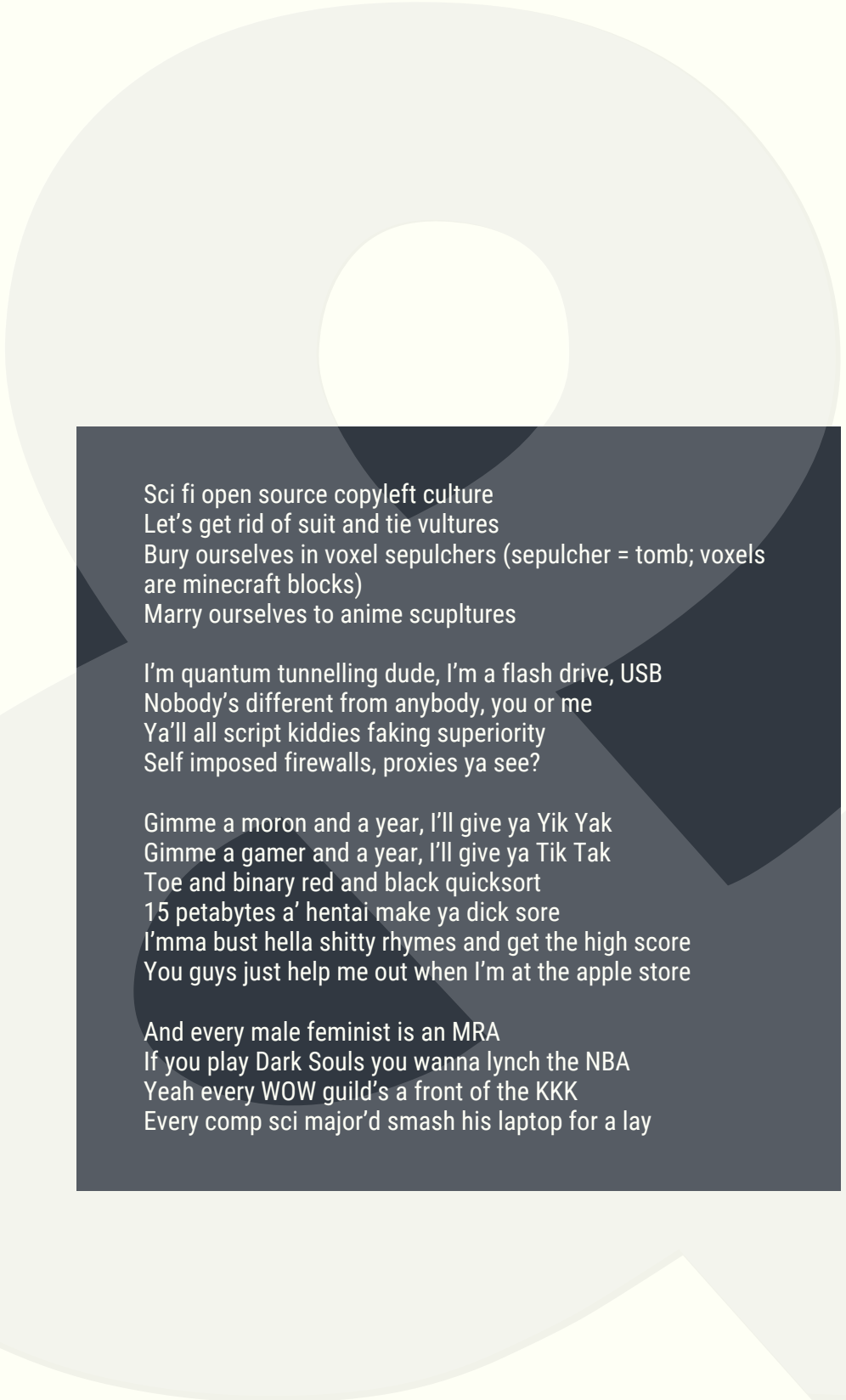
ANON

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Alan', is written over a light blue rectangular background.





lol, ever read Tolstoy kiddo? Count Leo Nikolayevic Tolstoy was born August 28, 1828, at the family estate of Yasná-ya Polyana, in the province of Tula. His mother died when he was three and his



Sci fi open source copyleft culture
Let's get rid of suit and tie vultures
Bury ourselves in voxel sepulchers (sepulcher = tomb; voxels
are minecraft blocks)
Marry ourselves to anime sculptures

I'm quantum tunnelling dude, I'm a flash drive, USB
Nobody's different from anybody, you or me
Ya'll all script kiddies faking superiority
Self imposed firewalls, proxies ya see?

Gimme a moron and a year, I'll give ya Yik Yak
Gimme a gamer and a year, I'll give ya Tik Tak
Toe and binary red and black quicksort
15 petabytes a' hentai make ya dick sore
I'mma bust hella shitty rhymes and get the high score
You guys just help me out when I'm at the apple store

And every male feminist is an MRA
If you play Dark Souls you wanna lynch the NBA
Yeah every WOW guild's a front of the KKK
Every comp sci major'd smash his laptop for a lay

Thine is the Kingdom

- >be
- >up and at em
- >something in the stratosphere catches my eye
- >call it in
- >archangel tells me to get a closer look
- >cut a wide semicircle back
- >pulling way too many G's
- >apparition remains the same size no matter how close I get
- >can't go any faster
- >notify archangel that I'm stepping off
- >tells me to shut the fuck down anyway
- >suggest to my copilot that this might be a dream
- >he says:
"I know for sure you aren't dreaming because I'm wide awake!"
- >apparition disappears

- >be me
- >cruisin the vista
- >keeping my panel clear in case i run into trouble
- >sure enough i get a ping
- >setup.exe
- >pull up and offer my assistance
- >guy says he's only playing for fun
- >tell him its against the law to fly that low
- >gives me the international sign for "who cares"
- >equip my panel
- >drop the first executable i find into his console
- >its fucking LOUD
- >archangel asks me what just happened
- >tell him there's one less mouth to feed
- >puts me in disciplinary suspension
- >mfw

- >be on the lookout
- >flesh and blood
- >forbidden fruit
- >give up the ghost
- >customizing my panel
- >going the extra mile
- >the ends of the earth
- >the fat of the land
- >stack overflow
- >can't seem to get my code to run
- >many are called but few are chosen
- >tell archangel i've dying for some action
- >tells me patience is a virtue

- >be outside
- >rolling in the deep
- >searching for one ups
- >find one but its obscured by clouds
- >request backup
- >archangel tells me it'll be a wait
- >decide to try for it on my own
- >pull the grip loose
- >drive it home
- >reach for the stars
- >one up is too high, can't get to it
- >activate map editor
- >disable the area between me and my baby
- >hits my panel nice and soft
- >fruit of my loins
- >archangel tells me support will be here any minute
- >try to clear off before they show up
- >can't because map editor takes forever to close>have to share my one up with all of them

- >be on time
- >absolutely gunning
- >never gone this fast before
- >wrenching on her to keep up the speed
- >hit the next level
- >start splitting chroma
- >gravity fades
- >entropy starts pouring into my console
- >desperately trying to steer my way back into the universe
- >matter becoming energy
- >need a hotfix
- >set my clock to before i passed the membrane
- >pulse the grip and take her down
- >snap back to reality
- >archangel asks me why the hell i went back in time, NOT impressed
- "Just dippin my toes!"
- >banned for three months

- >be that as it may
- >banned for time travel so i'm sitting in the simulator
- >surrounded by rookies
- >decide to locate myself within the sim
- >climb into the sim within the sim
- >do this a few hundred times
- >end up building a recursive sim chain three hundred deep
- >tie up both ends, past and present
- >invite rookies to my location
- >they arrive just in time to see me autocloak and shuffle off
- >three months pass and i can see one rookie is still trapped in my loop
- >can see he is almost out of energy
- >can't go back to free him without leaving attribution artifact
- >tfw i might have killed a rookie

- >be what you want
- >sun up to sun down
- >at teresa's canonization
- >archangel reminds me to be at my sunday best because he knows i'm a loose cannon
- >choir on high
- >salt of the earth
- >peter opens the hatch
- >TONS of bogeys fly out
- >can't resist the urge
- >cast the first stone
- >fire one off
- >archangel pulls me aside
- >fire and brimstone

- >be me again
- >spawn in level four for downing a cherub
- >as above so below
- >so sticky i can barely move
- >attract the ire of a sinister archon
- >swims like a shark
- >cast my shadow
- >takes the bait
- >dip to level five
- >trace over the dune
- >aim for the beacon but land in the rough
- >crawl to shore
- >say my prayers
- >nothing but static
- >decide to try to climb out
- >it's dark and hell is hot

to be continued

I've been a part of the fandom for years now, so I'm used to hate online, but it's gotten to the point where it has become unbearable. I own a popular TikTok account where I post furry art, and I have been repeatedly told to kill myself by trolls on the app. Recently, I've even faced harassment in real life. This last weekend, I was at the park with some friends roleplaying. I was wearing my German Shepherd dog fur suit and roleplaying as a puppy, playing fetch with my friends and chasing the other dogs. Soon, a woman came to our group and began verbally harassing us. I was extremely scared, so I apologized to her. She returned to her bench but continued to stare at us from afar. After she saw me lift my leg to urinate in a bush, she came over and started screaming at us. An officer responded to the call and I was issued an ordinance. I'm still extremely shaken from the experience and I feel like I was targeted for being a furry, which is much worse than members of other fandoms.

BANNED

I've never heard of this shit either.

El Demonio Siempre NegroEl Señor de las TinieblasEl Fin de los TiemposLa Verganza de DiosEl Señor del AvernoEl Señor TenebrosoEl Rey del AvernoEl Duende del 56%El Agujero NegroEl África HumanoLa MonstruosidadEl Señor OscuroLa AbominaciónEl ChupacabrasMateria OscuraEl DestructorLas TinieblasLa AberraciónEl Roba-almasEl AnticristoLa MaldiciónLa OscuridadEl TenebrosoPaco JohnsonLa CharnidadLa MaldiciónLa CriaturaLa MutaciónEl LeviatánEl MonstruoEl RenegadoEl DemonioLa ManchaEl GoblEl OculitoEl OrcoEl SerEl Fin

Welcome to your first day of training as my new pet and servant. Breakfast is every morning at 8:30 am EST. We will convene at that time if you are available.

After breakfast, Master will begin his shift at work. Playtime will be between 12 PM EST and 1 PM EST. Depending on your availability, we will arrange for all manner of play, and you may request a particular manner of play if you so wish.

At 5 PM EST, work will be over for the day, and Master will take you to his room, and you will follow his every command.

When Master gives you an order, you are to respond in the affirmative with "yes master." At times, if you understand a command you are given, you will respond with, "yes master."

At the end of the day, if Kitty so desires, she can spend recreational time with Master before bed. She can choose to play a video game with him, chat with him over the phone, watch YouTube, or go for a walk outside. Otherwise, Kitty is free to enjoy her evening hours as she wishes.

If you understand all of this, and you are ready to have a collar wrapped around your neck to become Master's property, please respond, "yes master."

Seriously, the bullying against American members of this community is sped around your neck to. It's not in the only Americans are some of the biggest contributors and most involved in this board. It's not in the only vicious attacking and regardless of intentions it does demean people and hurt feelings. I can't say I'm the only American man who finds it hard to take pride in his own country after having years of constant and needless attacks defaming my heritage from insecure losers here. Why not bully Swedes or Germans? Do they not have much more to be ashamed of than our peaceful country? Potatoes get bullied less than us and yet we are the freest whites in the world. Like when its not just banter, when a meme is repeated over and over again, repeated systematically, it eventually becomes a truth irregardless of the intentions in repeating it. And that isn't just jokes any more then, then its harmful !Would you call an American man "le 56%" (disgusting word) to his face? Would you say those words to your fellow white brother? Are you starting to feel ashamed now? You fucking degenerate? Your destroying national pride, your dividing whites against each other, your doing the opposite of what you claim to support. Photograph by this incredibly abhorrent behavior. So I encourage you to stop now.

DID YOU KNOW?

SOURCE: TRUST ME BRO

Take just five minutes and read this: Stop drinking the koolaid.
They don't work Required to wear a mask, read this.
"Copied from an OSHA certified gentleman: So Masks?

I am OSHA 10&30 certified. I know some of you are too. I don't really know WHY OSHA hasn't come forward and stopped the nonsense BUT
I wanna cover 3 things

- N95 masks and masks with exhale ports
- surgical masks
- filter or cloth masks

• N95 masks: are designed for CONTAMINATED environments. That means when you exhale through N95 the design is that you are exhaling into contamination. The exhale from N95 masks are vented to breath straight out without filtration. They don't filter the air on the way out. They don't need to.

Conclusion: if you're in Stewart's and the guy with Covid has N95 mask his covid breath is unfiltered being exhaled into Stewart's (because it was designed for already contaminated environments, it's not filtering your air on the way out)
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• Surgical Mask: these masks were designed and approved for STERILE environments. The amount of particles and contaminants in the outside and indoor environments where people are CLOGG these masks very Very quickly. The moisture from your breath combined with the clogged mask with render it "useless" IF you come in contact with Covid and your mask traps it You become a walking virus dispenser. Everytime you put your mask on you are breathing the germs from EVERYWHERE you went. They should be changed or thrown out every "20-30 minutes in a non sterile environment"

Cloth masks: today three people pointed to their masks as the walked by me entering Lowe's. They said "ya gotta wear your mask BRO" I said very clearly "those masks don't work bro, in fact they MAKE you sicker" the "pshh'd" me.

You mean the American flag one my aunt made? Yes. The one with sunflowers that looks so cute? Yes. The bandanna, the cut up t-shirt, the scarf

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whatsoever. As you exhale you are ridding your lungs of contaminants and carbon dioxide.

Cloth masks trap this carbon dioxide the best!!!! It actually risks health. !!!!! The moisture caught in these masks can become mildew ridden over night. Dry coughing, enhanced allergies, sore throat are all symptoms of a micro-mold in your mask

Ultimate Answer: N95 blows the virus into the air from a contaminated person.

The surgical mask is not designed for the outside world and will not filter the virus upon inhaling through it. It's filtration works on the exhale. (Like a vacuum bag it only works one way)

Cloth masks are WORSE than none.

The CDC wants us to keep wearing masks. The masks don't work

10 hrs · Like · Reply  Stitch It

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HOUSE
ANT
OP

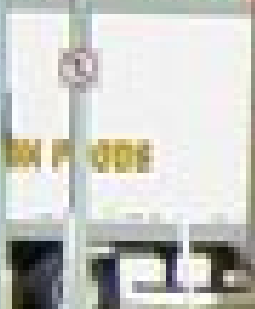
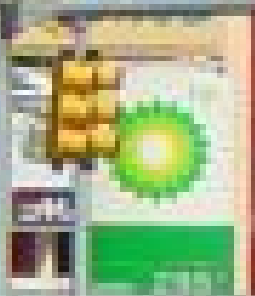


Mobil

EXXON

TACO
BELL

2.95 2.95



BANNED

BURGERPUNK

Has the world already ended? Now that the dust has settled, we sat down with Anonymous to discuss the genesis of literature's newest diabetic diatribe.

By Anon

Photograph by Anon





Perkins

Shell

Shell

LUSTIG'S

COLORED GLASS

TRADE SHOW

Quince's

LEFT 35

LEFT 70

Burgerpunk was this picture. You've seen it. The picture from every burgerpunk thread, the headliner picture.

A highway service station that's rich to the max in traffic, signage, burgers, parking lots. The picture shot so that its distance comes up all flat in your face like it's a middle-ages painting before they'd figured out what depth was. All the signs right in your face, all the ugly shit at once, the ugly shit without order or perspective or priority, just filling up your eyes right now.

That was burgerpunk. Then we tried to write about it.



Why would you fucking write about anything?

You take this thing, this picture, that's just there. It's evident. Says what you can see. You take it.

Then you try to turn your picture into lists of words with and's and but's and much to Rodrigo's surprise, the Asian gas-station attendant licked the diesel off it.

It's not just trying to explain the picture, it's trying to explain exactly the thing inside the picture that's not explainable. That's what literature is, right? It's saying the thing that you can't say. Why is a novel that says, say, orange man bad – why's that a shit novel? Not because orange man good. Because saying This Good That Bad isn't even writing. It's just talking onto paper.

Everyone believed we could take burgerpunk and make it into writing. Why believe? Because of the word. Because the word burgerpunk, all alone, burgerpunk - relish it – that word made us think that words could say what can't be said.

So we tried to write about a picture. The picture we'd called burgerpunk.

Forget we. I tried to write burgerpunk. I failed:

Burgerpunk is gritty realism.

Burgerpunk is a grand adventure.

Burgerpunk is despicable hardcore pornography.

Expansion:

1. In the opening of my post-DeLillo masterpiece the kid of the single-mom who can only afford a trailer near the intersection talks about how a driving license is proof of age, and kinda also the measure of consent, depends who you ask.

E2. Working double-part-time for two different Burger Chains with Mexican clientele and motivational team upkeep policies she battles with ennui and I battle to write yet another samlltime story about how nothing happens and someone's sad about it, fuck, let's do sci-fi.

1. Since Neil Stephenson already did a sci-fi thing with pizza delivery through a high-tech net-linked suburbia, I make my one about some surveillance state or something.

2. There's a company brainwashing scheme that's a secret, and when the hero finds out the secret he has to, like, go on the run from the assassin dressed as mechanics or as kid-friendly mascot characters. Kill all witnesses. Mossad's in on it too.

3. There's grenades behind the counter and shotgun blasts through ice-cream truck doors. Ike E. Hummingbird, your hero, uses chip oil to turbocharge his pickup and blast it through the corporate headquarters' window then he backflips out the back and does this have shit to do with burgers anymore? Are people like us, fast food people, alone at the interstate rest-stop people, are we athletes, are we killers? I make a note to rewrite the legend of Ike Hummingbird as a film script then I get on with some serious literary work about cumming.

1. Since The World Gaping Rodeo got banned the itinerant All-American trucker workforce has been looking for a new, sicker distraction. Something to radio shit-talk over. That's where A Double Coke With That started.

2. The first A Double Coke With That video's a chick whose face you can't see and she's fitting fries up her cunt. At the end of the video the john pours a double coke over the cunt full of fries and then he starts to eat it out of her. Somehow this shit goes viral.

3. The plot – oh fuck, the plot! - is about the grim reality of – no! It's about a dark conspiracy of – hold it! The book is a description of takeout-related sex acts. In excruciating detail. Adjectives everywhere. It's an internetsworth of unhappy things you can do with a Happy Meal.

4. After the four-hundred page first chapter on the subject of fries, just about ready to start on the bun, I chance on a thread where the burgerpunk picture's right there. I look at it. Then I turn to the open sketchbook by my side. Greasy recta. Pickled glans. Is this it?



Cyberpunk was punk, but not punk like the music. It was punk because it ripped off detective books from the black-and-white movie days. It was cyber plus Marlowe. The cyber Blue Dahlia. The Cybertese Falcon, that was all. Because detectives were tough the cyber wound up feeling punk.

Burgerpunk probably isn't Snow Crash or White Noise or Toni Ware or even my pornographic magnus opus. Probably it's a good old noir, but stuck between truck stops and takeouts. That's what burgerpunk writing's going to look like. But the second we write it down, the second the detective's got the baddie, then we'll look right back at the picture, our picture, the picture that is truly burgerpunk, and we'll say - Nah dude, that's not it.





















□ Anonymous 12/13/20(Sun)19:05:39 No.17022338 ►

ah, blood meridian, monsieur? that novel is the sark and chaparral of literature, the filament whereon rode the remuda of highbrow, corraled out of some destitute hacienda upon the arroya, quirting and splurting with main and with pyrolatrous coagulate of lobated grandiloquence. our eyes rode over the pages, monsieur, of that slatribed azotea like argonauts of suttee, juzgados of swole, bights and systoles of walleyed and tyrolean and carbolic and tectite and scurvid and querent and creosote and scapular malpais and shellalagh. we scalped, monsieur, the gantlet of its esker and led our naked bodies into the rebozos of its mennonite and siliceous fauna, wallowing in the jasper and the carnelian like archimandrites, teamsters, combers of cassinette scoria, centroids of holothurian chancre, with pizzles of enfiladed indigo panic grass in the saltbush of our vigas, true commodores of the written page, rebuses, monsieur, we were the mygale spiders too and the devonian and debouched pulque that settled on the frizzzen studebakers, listening the wolves howling in the desert while we saw the judge rise out of a thicket of corbelled arches, whinstone, cairn, cholla, lemurs, femurs, leantos, moonblanched nacre, uncottered fistulas of groaning osnaburg and kelp, isomers of fluepipe and halms awap of griddle, guisado, pelancillo.

CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED

Need help washing my dog. Yes you read that properly. It's not actually my dog idk if you could tell or not, won't affect the actual washing tho. Not leaving contact info come find me I'm the one with someone else's filthy ass dog (big breed)

Anons wishing to place classified ads please do so by email or on the board (thanks again):
lamp.lit.magazine@gmail.com

A tall well-built woman with a really banging reputation and who is looking for a good fuschia garden. I'll be taking (so long as it works) several candidates out at the movie theatres.

For the above ad, please only read lines 1, 4, 6, and 8. Thx 7802896935

Surgeon needed for new clinic opening soon, no experience required. Must have your own tools, please call +12673774635

LOOKING FOR A ROOMMATE, MUST BE: Female, age 18-25, White, Classically beautiful, Willing to service a 47 year old man with a micropenis on request.

No smokers.

No pets.

No boyfriends.

Rent: \$2500/month not including utilities.

FOR SALE

Dakimakura: Hatsune Miku, never been hugged, asking for ¥10 OBO. Contact me online.

Playboy, Penthouse, other titty mags and pornos. Willing to trade for guns. 762-208-2892

Paperback copy of Infinite Jest by David Foster Wallace. Turns out this pseud didn't even live a tough life. \$20 take it or leave it.

Used Tombstone, perfect for somebody named Abbas Moshe Fitzwolfiburgowitz.
fitzy@yopmail.com

Free to a good home:

Daryl (my husband) LOL Right ladies?!? Can I get an amen *cups ear* sigh no but seriously what would I do without you babe. You're my rock. Happy birthday.

LOST

Lost dog, no reward. You can keep her.

Cocker spaniel, markings on her neck and underside. Collar says Karma but we don't think she knows her name. Last seen in the mountains of Colorado. Contact us: 9707252119

Small, whitehaired bitch, answers to Colleen. No tags or shots. Been missing since 1996. Come home mama we miss you like crazy.
♥♥♥♥ 447537177369

FOUND: cute pupper. I will find you next....

Lost dog: may have run off with my girlfriend because I know gf would know better than to just LEAVE WITH OUR DOG.

Missing Dog: Offering \$200 reward. Collar emblazed with precious ruby (dog's name is Ruby). No reward without collar. 555-1234

PERSONALS

Joshua, this is Katie.

Please be assured I'll be getting married no matter what you or my dysfunction sister have to say about it. I know you have some things you'd rather keep quiet too so wise up buddy.

MTF seeking OBGYN who's DTF for NSA discrete PNP at nearby BYOB. LMIRL OK LMK

OP here. Told anon that I would give him a shout out for submitting poetry to the mag so here you go buddy.
@stanaitisnicholas on IG

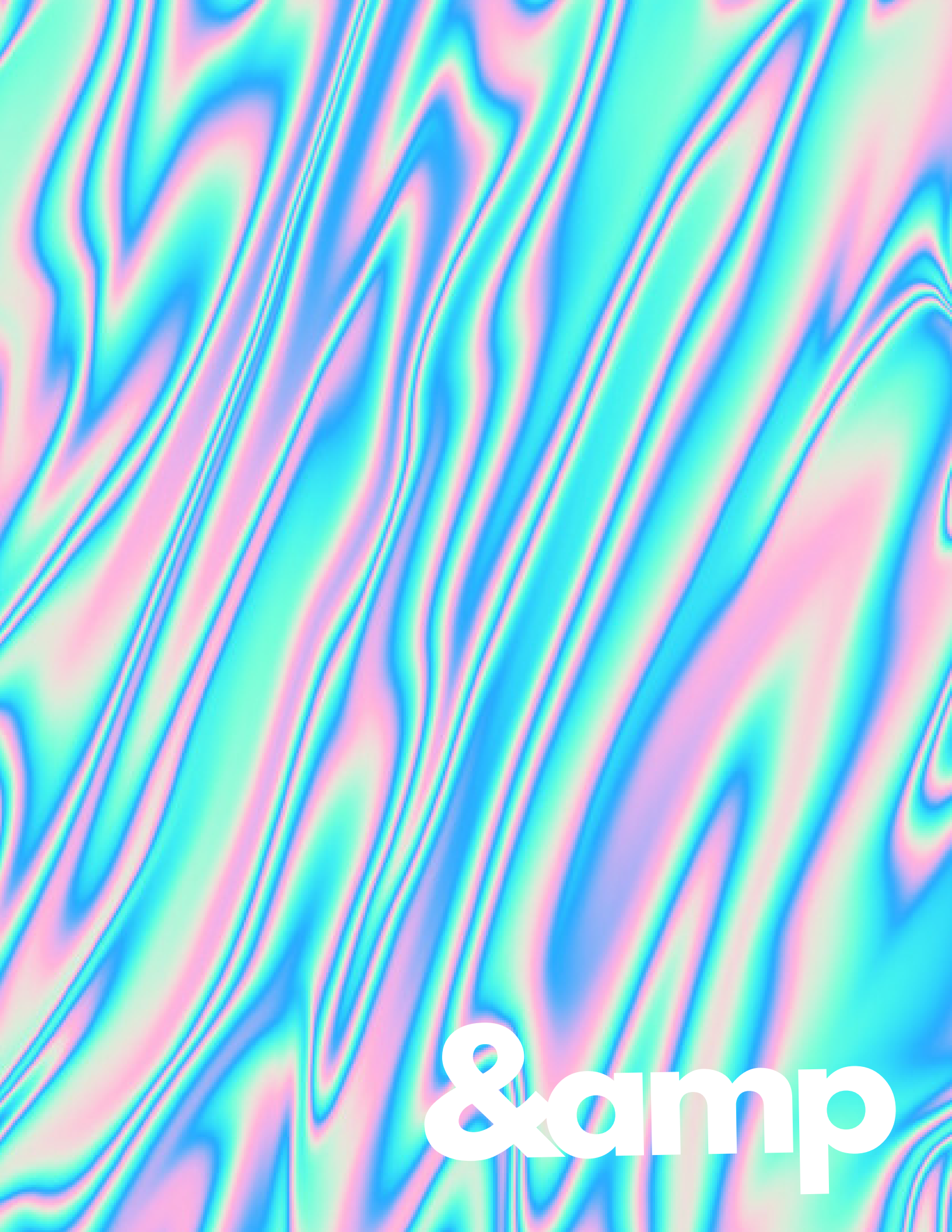
OP again. Wanted to take an ad out to express my gratitude to all anons who contributed to this project and to all anons who plan on reading. thx

& by /lit/

& is a collaborative
effort made by strangers
over the internet.

Special Thanks To:

The Greeks
Anonymous/gd/
OP m00t
/x/ Jannies
Nael, age 6



&